THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume III | New York, Wednesday, March 3, 1926 | Number 17

CONTENTS

Conserving the Great 449
Week by Week 451
The Russian Moloch 454
Urbi et Orbi 455
An Editor's Progress, IV .....A. R. Orage 456
De Senectute (*verse*) .....N. M. Layne 457
The Saint of the Desert .....
Byron Khun De Prorok 458
High Neighbor (*verse*) .....Witter Bynner 459
Creating a Catholic Conscience..L. J. S. Wood 460
Coastwise Graves (*verse*) .....John Hanlon 461
Letters of a Reticent Master..Joseph J. Reilly 462
Reminiscences of Guipúzcoa.Esmé J. Howard 464
Speculation On a Windy Hill (*verse*) .....
Mavis McIntosh 464
Communications 465
The Play .....R. Dana Skinner 468
Books..Henry Longan Stuart, C. C. Martindale, Thomas Walsh, J. Elliot Ross, Laura Benét, Paul Crowley, Landon M. Robinson, Harry McGuire 469
The Quiet Corner 475

CONSERVING THE GREAT

IT seems to have been just a natural result of Longfellow's much talked-of simplicity that the lives of great men reminded him of things altogether different from what our generation is likely to recall. His "departing footprints" have been pretty well covered over by higher criticism or something of the sort. We are usually ready to raise our hands and say that of course George Washington wasn't of great importance, but he danced all night. Alexander Hamilton held an aristocratic view of government problems, but the naughty stories people tell about him are really very interesting. Everybody is quite sure that the poet Shakespeare was a ticket-broker, that Milton earned shrewd sums in real-estate, and that Balzac was an insufferable dandy. We assume that all congressmen—past and present—are talkative dunces, that openly or covertly every literary man could go Shelley one better, and that 99 percent of the pioneers were laid to rest in Spoon River.

The other day a handsomely gowned young creature inquired hesitatingly about a French novel which she had selected from a heap on the counter. "That," said the saleslady in virtuous triumph—she was really a very old-fashioned saleslady—"is the story of a hero." But the young creature asked wearily: "Can't you give me something entertaining?"

Admittedly, we have been duped into investing in much bogus heroism. The professional manufacturer of glory has glutted the market with shoddy goods—with fake statesmen who were merely rather canny politicians; with men of supposed integrity and large purses, who generally got 8 percent on their greatness; and with poets so minor that their collected works are barely visible to the eye. It is the office of satirical realism to laugh all these supers off the stage. And one may concede to this realism that it is the product of a refined civilization and a disillusioned experience. In its place it is a very useful thing; nor should those who covet the luxury of ironical minds be denied their banquet of fumbles and flaws. But on the other hand, the inheritance of heroism is of such general civic importance that it cannot safely be turned wholesale into a theme for laughter. The ironical are, as Maurice Barrès would have said, entitled only to a restricted area in any properly organized society. They have no right to fix the moral and intellectual directions which most of us shall have to follow, because the very essence of their attitude is a repudiation of directions. They cannot presume to tell us how to get anywhere because their whole point is the joke about the man who went down the wrong street.

A problem like that of heroism can be estimated

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fairly only when we see what it has meant in the history of the race. Would American civic pedagogy have profited by the statement that although Sam Houston held the Alamo, he was badly afflicted with catarrh? Does it profit now when a contemporary critic terms a collection of narratives about the Jesuit missionaries in North America "fanaticism" which is "magnificent"? The answer to these questions may, perhaps, be found in what the modern psychologist aptly calls sublimation. We conquer our baser instincts by nurturing them into affections for nobler purposes. And we learn in doing so that the safe rule of conduct for the individual is to make himself, as far as possible, objective—that is, similar to something which is worth while resembling. It follows, also, that society will be tolerable and civilized according as it is able to make certain objective standards impressive—that is, to get away from anarchy by guaranteeing the existence of illuminated law. But where shall either the individual or the society of which he is a part look for guidance, for the counsel of sweetly human example, if not to the great men of the race and nation?

So abiding has this truth been in the course of history that common people who were left without heroes invariably invented them. And generally the significance of legend has lain in the triumph of the good prince over the dragon—that is, of the right instinct over the libidinous desire. The centre of the story was the victory. It guaranteed the possibility that in this world good can triumph over evil, no matter how ghastly the odds may be. Voltaire raised the point to a classic maxim when he declared that if God did not exist, it would have been necessary to invent Him. But one may observe further the curious fact that the older and better stories about the prince and the beast made the contest very grim and dangerous. In contrast to a certain milk-and-water allegory now so dear to many otherwise excellent people, the gaunt dragon was not overwhelmed with a toothpick or a safety-pin. There was a hard fight, but the hero won and thereby encouraged the plain citizen to continue his battle against the forces of the flesh.

We may say then, that historically speaking, heroes have never been angels or mothers' darlings, but men who slipped in the mud and, at least occasionally, spat in their hands.

All this has been said because it is highly important to get the right definition of the word "heroism." The modern repudiation is due, at least in part, to the circumstance that the decorum which has so generously regulated literature during the past several generations very nearly succeeded in turning the hero into something like a house cat. He was almost—fortunately not quite—a nice imbecile who grew into long trousers and, finally, into a coffin without ever having moved out of a moral temperature of seventy degrees. It is sadly true that the most fitting illustrations of this can be drawn from the mass of literature devoted to the very highest form of human nobility—the saints. If all holy men had possessed the rhetorical gifts of Saint Augustine and had written accounts of their own lives, the world would read them avidly, as it does the Confessions. But the task was left to those who succeeded only too well in failing to see that sainthood is victory over the deadliest of dragons; and they left us merely the emaciated landscape, like a desert battlefield over which the sun has long hovered in peace.

Yet, in spite of all mistakes in method, the ancient virtue of heroism remains permanent and necessary. What matters always is the memory of sterling human achievement, in whatever field and by no matter whom. In the long battle which our world has fought against the myriad forms of barbarism, moments of triumph have been precious and the conquering captains were rescuers for whom the crowd had earnestly prayed. During moments of security and quiet ease, the sceptical—who are also the inactive—may amuse themselves by projecting their own static selves into the rôles of glory; but the most of mankind invariably continues to see the truth of heroism sanely, because it is a struggling multitude that must win and live—live by a pattern which transfigures the prosaic and steels the heart for shocks to be met. And we may take our best example from what is incomparably the most sublime Figure in the annals of the race. From the valleys of Galilee there came One who had eternally been willing to assume the hopeless task of saving the world; and after men had witnessed His miracles and His death, they knew that He is forever the great conqueror and exemplar. The four corners of the earth were moulded, clumsily but none the less patently, to resemble Him.

But in every generation there were some who, because they were tired, or cynical, or troubled by the chaos of their historical learning, undertook to reduce the awefulness of the figure of Christ. They did this because they could not grasp or concede the dimensions of Divinity; and sometimes when their names were brilliant, the crowd followed them. But not for very long. Sooner or later the majority of western men guage the current of their common living and remember two things: first, as Taine said, that wherever the wings of the spirit of Christ are broken, "public and private morals are degraded"; and secondly, that the really illustrious men in our ancestral history were those who, like Francis or the Maid of Domremy, made their lives copies of His. Once again, in a stumbling and groping modern decade, we are taking a moral inventory. And we may say that, apart from all other considerations that might be urged, the idea of heroism is the central civic preoccupation of the present time for the simple reason that the future of human society depends upon a new realization of the Divinity of the Master.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER
HENRY LONGAN STUART GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

Subscription Rates Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

WE are steadily becoming a people more than casually interested in other peoples. It has been a pleasure to welcome to New York City clergymen and scholars who have come, often from considerable distances, to attend the lectures on international relations which are sponsored by the Catholic women of the metropolitan archdiocese. If we return to this work again in these columns, it is because the task undertaken is worthy of attention and indicates an awakening of concern for what must remain one of the most immediate of civic obligations. Mr. L. J. S. Wood's papers dealing with the effort to complete a world-wide organization of Catholic social and intellectual endeavor are a notable supplement to the work of New York's women. And it is a pleasure to announce that what he tells us has been interestingly confirmed by the publication of an important book. The Manuel International des Organizations Catholiques is a practically complete list of societies which "illustrate the inexhaustible fecundity and marvelous power of the Christian apostolate, which can discover a new remedy for each new need and can lend assistance wherever the religious, moral, intellectual, and civic interests of humanity are in danger." Such a catalogue has been a long-felt want; and the meticulous care with which the Abbé J. Monti, secretary of the International of Catholic societies, has gathered information cannot be lauded too highly. Here, in an easily visualized panorama, are the thousand facets of a spiritual force which has created the sole benignant world-wide community.

MR. WOOD has already supplied the essential comment on the new International by saying that it hoped to become more than a bureau with an imposing title. It is believed that the issue of the manual "will give to Catholic organizations the means to become better acquainted with one another, and that it will clear the way for more frequent contacts and a more intimate coöperation. All of us complain that societies which serve the interests of the Church seem to lead parallel lives, while everywhere else, particularly among groups hostile to religion, there is a general aspiration toward union, toward the merging of power, regardless of national and other boundaries. It is clearly a duty to emulate this advance to solidarity; and signs are not wanting to indicate that a Catholic élite is already firmly convinced that such solidarity is an immediate need. A constant stream of letters reaching our office from every part of the world testifies to an eager desire to cement firmer ties with those who live elsewhere." The possibilities outlined in these words are not exaggerated. A mere glance through the manual which the Abbé Monti offers the public brings astonishing proof of development and labor, which need only the final discipline of effective union to become equal to the forces battling for the world.

THE rather unexpected vote of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee against the appointment of Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock will probably mean that this most hotly debated of all candidates for public office cannot be successfully upheld by the President. It so seldom happens that a favored appointee is snubbed by the congressional ratifying body that one is deeply interested in whatever sinister designs may have been cherished by Mr. Woodlock. Astonishingly enough it turns out that no one has ever questioned the man's intimate knowledge of railroading or his personal integrity. Even the committee granted that it was dealing, not with dead timber, but with a competent executive who might really be entrusted with the business in hand. The discussion was not on a par with what might well be food for thought —the selection of aimless politicians for postoffice management, or of rather wheezy provincials for diplomatic appointments. It seems to have been taken for granted that a former editor of the Wall Street Journal, noted for conservative opinions on economic and political problems, would, by some supermannish method, wheedle the railroads into a "public-behanged" form of control. At least, that is the pretext upon which the opposition has taken its stand. Or is there something equally important in Senator Smith's remark that the appointee is not a native of the United States? Whatever may be the pertinence of these opinions, it is probably more true to say that Mr. Woodlock has, as is often the case with men of individual minds, failed to estimate properly the number of hands to be shaken.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE perils of opera-going were impressively illustrated in certain box-office sieges of which the past has record, but there was never anything to compare with the mob scene staged at the Metropolitan Opera House upon the advent of Miss Marion Talley. For a similar outburst of enthusiasm one must search the annals of old days, when a baseball hero like Mordecai Brown attracted almost everybody in a metropolis to some inadequate field. Some superior persons—Mr. Downes, of the New York Times, for instance—profess to believe that the young prima donna's voice was less magnetic than the advertising value of her origins. It is generally conceded, however, that Miss Talley—to quote Mr. Downes again—"has a voice of uncommonly fresh and lovely quality, one unusually even in the lower and middle registers, and of ample range and flexibility in the upper part." This analysis may not impress Missouri as frenziedly enthusiastic, but considering the circumstances, it is a really extraordinary testimonial to a nineteen-year-old girl's ability to surmount a paralyzing form of tumult. Time was when an audience drowned itself in applause and launched hazardous volleys of rosebuds; but never before have matronly would-be spectators been borne along involuntarily on automobile fenders, or listened to the pleas of mounted police.

THIS spectacle is of value in retrospect because it proves how fiercely grand opera is straining to escape from an aristocratic art-form into a popular genre. Hitherto we have been willing to ignore the boundaries of nationalism in contracting with coloraturas. It seemed obvious that European atmosphere and teaching were indispensable requirements for those with ambitions to interpret Verdi with intoxicating trills—or Wagner with "even registers." But is this true, and if so why must it be true? The public which assaults the box-office to the dismay of regular subscribers will not be satisfied with evasive replies. It will back a mockingbird every time against a nightingale. And therefore the general interest in Miss Talley is also eager concern with whether or not she can rise superior to her lack of an import stamp. For her, however, the rôle is not easy—it is her doom to be continually in the realm of superlatives, the victim of patriotic pride which will consider the most golden mediocrity a manifestation of rather tinseled failure.

OF all the beasts who come to fatten where there is no legitimate place for them, the worst are those human parasites who attach their money-making apparatus to the festivals of religion. Frequently they are especially harmful because they lend to movements, fundamentally sacred, the odor of their simony. The Eucharistic Congress should be a reverent and humble mingling of pilgrims in the presence of immaculate Divinity. It has almost stood in danger of becoming an "enterprise," out of which a myriad hucksters expected to squeeze their coin. A statement issued by the Very Reverend Monsignor Quille, general secretary of the Congress, demands close and immediate attention. "Efforts are being made," we are told, "to promote the sale of furniture, clothing, books, photographs, guide books and other things, by attempting to associate these with the plans for the Congress. In every case the purpose is to obtain money; and in some instances the impression is given that these various undertakings are part of a plan to meet the expenses which the proper conduct of the Congress entails. All such schemes have no connection in any way with the Congress. The expenses for the gathering will be paid out of a fund which is being raised by voluntary contributions from the Catholics of the Chicago archdiocese." It is highly important that the stigma of commercialism shall be completely removed from a sacred enterprise which involves not merely the honor of Catholics, but to some extent also the majesty of Christ. The most regrettable aspect of the affair is that many who nominally at least are potential pilgrims have demonstrated themselves to be veritable, active parasites.

THE simultaneous announcement of two new publications of a scholarly character is a fairly reliable indication of how active the intellectual leaven is in contemporary America. That our large resources and vast educational system should contribute sound achievement is highly important, now that other countries are hampered by economic and social stringencies. "Thought," promises to be a "quarterly of the sciences and letters," edited by members of the Society of Jesus, and endeavoring to present Catholic faith "as assimilative of all true discovery and ever progressive in its attitude towards the problems that vex the world at large in every age." With a distinguished group of editors and a large and varied advisory board, the new quarterly ought to face the future with less trepidation than that which sometimes troubled garrulous John Wilson in the early days of the Edinburgh Review. It should be a busy and successful future, because the work to be done is as vast and varied as the modern world.

"SPECULUM: a Journal of Mediaeval Studies," has already made its first appearance, and promises to be what all those who have yearned for a deeper American interest in the middle-ages wished to see in the guise of a periodical. Though the flavor is as yet preëminently academic, the journal will grow with its public—and with the Mediaeval Academy, of which it is the organ. The aims and purposes of the whole movement will be set before readers of The Commonweal in articles which have been promised by Ralph Adams Cram and Dr. Edward Kennard Rand. Meanwhile, we take pleasure in reproducing these lines from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Rand's editorial preface to the initial issue of Speculum: "This mirror to which we find it appropriate to give a Latin name, suggests the multitudinous mirrors in which the people of the middle-ages liked to gaze at themselves and other folk—mirrors of history and doctrine and morals, mirrors of princes and lovers and fools. We intend no conscious follies, but we recognize satire, humor, and the joy of life as part of our aim. Art and beauty and poetry are a portion of our mediaeval heritage. Our contribution to the knowledge of those times must be scholarly, first of all, but scholarship must be arrayed, so far as possible, in a pleasing form." It is a far cry, indeed, from the days when Henry Adams, having accepted an appointment as professor of mediaeval history, discovered that he was without a subject! There will be a great many serious Americans who will welcome the two new publications, Thought and Speculum, and who will wish them every success in their high journalistic aims.

THERE is no feature of the National Catholic Press Month that deserves greater emphasis than the widespread recognition of the merits of a work that has become the "vade mecum" of every intelligent editorial and press room, not only of the English-speaking world but also of foreign countries wherever there is a recognition of the modern spirit of fairness, full information, and recognition of culture as well as right. That is what the Catholic Encyclopedia has come to signify in the minds of all ripened thinkers whether Catholic or non-Catholic: it is the recognized, regulated, properly tabulated book of knowledge which must guide all writers, lecturers, readers and teachers in the discussions of problems that touch upon the dogmas, history, and culture of the Catholic Church and its development throughout the world.

WE cannot hesitate in a final and unreserved commendation of this series of volumes packed close with information nowhere else available; and if the thanks of busy men, editors, professors, and authors could be gathered into one great testimonial to its editors, the Catholic Encyclopedia would find itself overwhelmed. It is in the Catholic home that this encyclopedia should be throned in its rightful place: at the elbow of the parent who is called upon to answer his children's inquiries; in front of the schoolboy and girl preparing for classes, or seeking the Catholic statement or interpretation of the numerous dubious assertions in general literature or the periodical press. It is for these that the encyclopedia has been prepared with the necessary preventives and cures of the loose thinking, the false teaching, the erroneous deductions of hasty modern publications. There can be no real progress in Catholic thought and culture until the foundations of fact are properly laid and cemented. Such is the fundamental mission of the Catholic Encyclopedia, which it is admirably fulfilling.

A RÉSUMÉ of press laws and penalties for their infraction current in various countries has just been published by the British government. It makes instructive and occasionally diverting reading. As is often the case, the most illuminating suggestions come from strange corners of the earth, and it is by no means clear that countries which pride themselves upon their advancement need be too proud to profit from one or two of them. The Persian law, for instance, which forbids the diffusion of articles "against honor and chastity," if rigidly applied at home would certainly relieve our book-stalls of a considerable congestion of inflammatory matter. The Chinese law, which forbids "any statement which tends to excite the public to plead in an unauthorized manner for criminals," might cut the labor of reporting unsavory "causes celebres" pretty nearly in half. On the other hand, the Colombian law, requiring newspapers and other periodicals to "state their political color" might throw a little more work on writers, who with all the editorial columns to work in, have not yet succeeded in enlightening the reading public on what side of the fence they are likely to be found in a national emergency. Perhaps the regulation which shows the deepest thought and the most signal mastery in fitting punishment to crime, hails from Peru, where writers of matter that is "obscene or repugnant to good morals" may be required, for a period of four months to "inter corpses in the cemetery." The idea of reality for realists is one that grows upon the imagination the longer it is entertained. And even if the realist should chance to fall into the grave he was digging, the loss to the old realm of the Incas, or to any other, would be of the nature classed as bearable.

"MEN drop as on a battlefield," wrote the great Cardinal Newman once in a letter which The Commonweal quotes this week in another section of its issue. The death of Archbishop John Cieplak, in Passaic, New Jersey, on the very eve of his return to Poland, where the see of Vilna awaited him as the crown upon his apostolate and slow martyrdom in Russian prisons, is an impressive commentary on the insecurity of life and the working of Providence, "Whose ways are not our ways." Only a few weeks ago, when The Commonweal representative knelt to kiss the great ring upon the hand of the late Primate of Russia, the robust and broadchested figure, the keen eye, hair only slightly tinged with grey for all his sixty-nine years, gave every augury of many years' work to come. "Dis aliter visum." There can be little doubt that the privation—the months spent in prison, the heart-breaking anxieties inseparable from being the banished leader of a scattered flock—had already done their deadly work and that the crown of martyrdom, averted from the Archbishop's head by the indignation of the world, rests upon his coffin today as surely as though he had faced the Soviet firing-squad by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

side of his devoted vicar-general four years ago, and met his death then.

"HE taught as a philosopher, not only of the grove or of the chair or of the pulpit, but of life in all its aspects and complexities, amidst all faiths, and among those who disagreed as well as those who agreed," is a remark worthy of a place as the final epitaph for Cardinal Mercier. We take it from the memorial address delivered to the Association of the Bar of the City of New York by William D. Guthrie, its president, who recalled with appropriate dignity the circumstances under which the Primate of Belgium had been voted an honorary member of the Association. At the time, Senator Elihu Root had written—"Cardinal Mercier seems to me the chief outstanding figure illustrating and personifying the deep underlying truths for which the peaceful nations of the West fought the great war, and for which millions of their sons laid down their lives. No physical force remained to support him; but with high courage, possible only to a pure and sincere nature, amid privation and distress, and in imminent danger of death, he gave voice to the conscience, the humanity, and the sense of justice of Christian civilization." While mindful of this service, President Guthrie emphasized more directly the Cardinal's service to philosophy, which can now aid in healing the wounds of conflict. The great Primate would have appreciated this note very keenly. Though no patriot was ever more staunch, his intellectual and moral honesty is proved more fully by nothing than the fact that, when visiting the United States, he took occasion to testify against the many exaggerated stories of Teutonic atrocities.

THE RUSSIAN MOLOCH

THE penalty paid by the weak and helpless when social change is secured by violent means is strikingly pictured in a document drawn up during the last days of January for the Soviet government by Health-Commissar Sameshko. This is in the form of a report presented in connection with the growing scandal of hordes of homeless and wandering children who have been thrown on the harsh mercies of society owing to the death or disappearance of parents and guardians. A conservative estimate, which does not take account of the vast regions of White Russia, the Caucasus or the Ukraine, places the numbers of this pitiful army at 300,000.

Its condition may be imagined from the words of the report itself, which states that "there are hardly any children of this category who have not acquired the drug habit or suffered from venereal disease." Further revolting details are given upon the "streets, cellars and dens of corruption" from which the poor waifs are to be rescued, only to be consigned to prison-orphanages where "there must be absolutely no chance of escape from the iron régime." It becomes evident that one by-product at least of the establishment of social justice in Russia upon Marxian formulas, is a slow martyrdom of the innocents, which makes Herod's brief massacre seem merciful in comparison. Mme. Kalinina and Mme. Krupskaya (the last the widow of apotheosized Lenin) to whose unceasing efforts the belated crusade of rescue, if it ever takes place, will be due, are not overstating the case when they call the condition of these abandoned children "Soviet Russia's vilest sore."

By leaving this piteous débris in its wake, the Russian Revolution is only following the course which other revolutions and "reformations" had marked out for it.

And in defining the cure that is to be administered, the Soviet government only too plainly foreshadows what the result is likely to be whenever men, after a convulsive effort to throw off King Log, find themselves subjected to the régime of King Stork. "There is no room here," the Sameshko report goes on, in language from which every trace of indignation or compassion seems to be purposely excluded, "for sentimentalism . . . These children would have to be placed in reformatories organized on the lines of correction of the Ogpu [Tcheka] where firmness and iron discipline reign."

Human nature of the average and ordinary unillumined and compassionate sort, which has not yet been clarified by Marxian logic, may be excused if it shudders at the remedy hardly less than at the disease, and if death does not present itself as a slightly more desirable consummation than one of these hells-on-earth to which no word or counsel of the Divine Physician, who helped the leper and converted the Magdalen, must ever penetrate.

In the interview which Archbishop Cieplak accorded The Commonweal a few weeks ago, the late Catholic Primate of Russia only once departed from the measured language that marked all his public utterances in America. This was when, referring to the edict in Soviet Russia which forbids religious instruction of any kind for young children, he mentioned the mocking clause which permits a choice between belief and disbelief to be made when the age of eighteen has been reached. For the enemy of souls does not wait upon Soviets, however docile to his will they strive to show themselves.

By their "extinguishing the lights of heaven" and substituting for them the naphtha flares of class war, the friends of the proletariat seem to have accomplished this much at least for the proletariat's children. The little ones who might have climbed on His knee and looked in His eyes unafraid, may crawl to the all-saving Breast now, at best—and if heaven is merciful—child-prostitutes and child-addicts, innocent monsters, more sinned against than sinning, whom evil claimed before the difference between good and evil could be made known.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

URBI ET ORBI

THE racial and national element in the government of the Church, as evidenced in the composition of the various rites and congregations at Rome, and in the body of bishops who will take their seats in any forthcoming general council, is a question that, strangely enough, intrigues Catholics rather less than those outside the Church. The inroads made by nationalism in religion have had their effect for these last. Outsiders have gradually grown less and less able to conceive of a system which, for 1,500 years, succeeded most thoroughly in reconciling patriotism with the ideal of a universal church. It is those bodies to which Rome and error appear as equivalent terms which show themselves most sensitive to the preponderance in her executive government of men of Italian race. The reference to the Catholic Church in Great Britain as "the Italian mission," less familiar now than it was twenty-five or thirty years ago, is a typical instance of the attempt to make dogmatic capital out of racial prejudice.

The whole question is examined by the well-known Catholic writer, Maurice Vaussard, in a recent number of the Revue des Deux Mondes, and his figures are interesting, if only because they show that Rome, prudently and gradually as is her wont, is permitting the changes that have been brought about by the extension of the Church to newer worlds and the facilities that arise from the new methods of inter-communication to be reflected in the national make-up of the body that stands nearest in dignity to the steps of the papal throne.

In 1906 there were thirty-five Italian cardinals as against twenty-eight "foreigners," with eleven vacancies. In 1925 the number of the former had fallen to thirty-three, that of the latter risen to thirty-four. Among the foreigners, the French remained constant at seven, the Germans, with Austria, had between four and six, the Spanish had increased from five to six, the English-speaking (other than Americans) from two to three; there were four cardinals from the United States, and two Poles. A Dutch, a Canadian, and a Brazilian cardinal had been added to the Sacred College. Of the Italian cardinals only eight—the archbishops of Milan, Bologna, Venice, Florence, Naples, Palermo, Catania and Pisa, possessed residential sees. Even such important cities as Genoa and Turin were not represented. The other Italian cardinals were all concerned in Church administration, as prefects of congregations.

The episcopacy, pure and simple, will always remain the element in the Church's government from which its growth and the adjustments to new conditions are to be gauged and in which the modifications inevitable from new conditions will appear. At first sight the figures on Italian preponderance are very striking. There are 268 Italian dioceses with an average Catholic population of 144,000. Against these, Ireland has twenty-eight dioceses, averaging 115,000 faithful; the United States, 101, with 183,500; Canada, thirty-five, with 96,000 each; Australia, twenty, with 58,500. The average rises sharply in South America. There is one bishop to 342,000 in Colombia and one to 830,000 in Chile. In France, where many sees were suppressed by the Concordat, the mean is very high—470,000, as also in Spain, where the average episcopal flock is 350,000.

An examination of the figures certainly does not suggest that the Nordic or English-speaking races suffer from the distribution of sees, according to whose vote, under the aegis of the supreme Pontiff, the Church's final judgments are given. As M. Vaussard points out, anything approaching proportional representation by bishops is impossible in a world where missionary effort is building up anew so much that was destroyed. In Poland, in Hungary, in Germany, a diocese may contain a million. In Scotland, the bishop of Aberdeen rules 12,000, the bishop of Argyll and the Isles, only 13,000. Certainly M. Vaussard makes no mistake in discerning a considered attempt, gradually executed, on the part of the Holy See to adjust the hierarchy to the modern distribution of population.

What light is thrown by these figures upon the question of Italian participation in the government of the Church? In the first place, it is obvious that under normal conditions, the charge made during the first sessions of the Council of the Vatican, that the Italian episcopate controlled all decisions, is hardly likely to be repeated at any later sessions which may be held. Next, even assuming that all the Italian cardinals were to favor the Italian candidate for the Papacy, it is apparent that they would now be insufficiently numerous to carry his election. Hence, in the probable event of a further succession of Popes of Italian origin, it will be necessary to explain their selection upon other grounds than the national complexion of the conclave.

The reason why Italians will probably continue to occupy the throne of the Fisherman is the same one given by M. Vaussard for the predominance of Italians in the subordinate administrative offices of the Church, the prefectures, and nunciatures. "With all the defects," he writes, "that one knows or supposes in them, the Italian cardinals have ordinarily an almost innate sense of universality, an absence of rigidity in methods and in manners, impartiality and good grace. . . . Let us also recognize, that at least as much as the post of prefect of congregation, that of nuncio demands a knowledge of Vatican traditions and the Roman milieu relatively rare among foreign prelates."

The charge of undue Italian preponderance in the executive government of the Church is one often heard and repeated. By his timely article showing the natural and reasonable basis for a system which few Catholics find fault with, M. Vaussard has done a real service to fair-minded critics outside it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN EDITOR'S PROGRESS

IV. THE QUEST OF GOD

By A. R. ORAGE

SELLING the New Age and leaving England was, of course, no solution. At the same time, it was not altogether a surrender of the problem in despair. Certainly, reason had, in my best judgment, completely failed against human nature. There had been the tremendous problem of economic distress which for centuries had prevoked every species of misery; and here, with the Douglas synthesis, was the satisfying solution of it. Yet, on account of the inadequacy of human reason, that solution could never be understood by a sufficient number of people to get it adopted. What else was to be done but to give it up? But was even that possible?

From out a remote past a phrase recurred to me—a change of heart—or, more poignantly, ye must be born again. How many times had I encountered the idea in polemics and left it, as I thought, for dead? Yet, here it was alive and walking in my waking mind, and this time as a possible friend. There came back to me, also, my first associations with the guild idea, and subsequently with the extremely able and personally congenial group that became responsible for the Catholic weekly which in England is the counterpart of The Commonweal in America; I refer to the brothers Chesterton, Mr. Belloc, Father McNabb, Mr. Penty, Mr. Eric Gill, Mr. Theodore Maynard, and let me not forget my old Anglo-Catholic friends, Conrad Noel and Maurice Reckitt. Even while triumphantly controverting, as it appeared to me, the arguments against the possibility of radical reform in the absence of something greater than reason or self-interest or humanitarianism, my own essential uncertainty and the precariousness of my foundation must have been suspected by my Catholic friends. At any rate, they were kind to the degree of indulgence; and throughout my whole editorial adventure they made themselves as much at home in the New Age as I, on my side, certainly made them welcome.

With Mr. Belloc's distributivism I cannot, however, say that I had then or have now any sympathy. In aim yes, since our aims were the same; but the actual mechanics of the idea seemed and still seem to me to labor under the fatality of impracticability. In short, if national guilds are not viable, and Douglasism is not viable, then, for the same reasons, distributivism is not viable either. And, in fact, I doubt whether Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton really believe it is. Distributivism as a potential weapon of criticism is a very good stick with which to beat the capitalist dog; but the state would totter if the stick were called upon to take the place of the dog.

To return to the historic origin of the English guild system, it appeared to me on reflection that its background was undoubtedly religion. The guilds were the creation of the Church; or, if not the creation of the Church, at the very least the Church was the soil and garden in which they flourished. What we had done when formulating a modern guild system applicable to modern conditions was to take the mediaeval guild out of its original setting and try to make it grow in a soil quite barren in respect of religion. No wonder that the seeds so transplanted failed to germinate; they were sown upon stony ground.

It must not be assumed, however, that our disillusionment immediately brought us to the realization of the necessity of a change of heart in the religious sense. Religion for the so-called modern mind is the last, rather than the first, resort of despair. Remembering the cultivated intensity of the anti-religious movement among the intelligentsia of twenty and even ten years ago (it is rapidly losing its momentum today even if it is not entirely dead) nobody will wonder that our first thought was a change of heart by means of brotherhood or chivalry or art. All these, indeed, had a pretty long trial to see if they could effect such a change in men's hearts that social justice would be established as a mere matter of good taste. Ruskin, Morris, and Leathaby were the pioneers of this experiment; and nobody can deny that if their hypothesis had been workable, they were the men to make it work. Alas, it happened in nine cases out of ten, as it still happens wherever the experiment is tried, that exactly in proportion as individuals began to cultivate a taste for art, their social feelings in respect of faith, hope, and charity degenerated. I know this is heretical according to the gospel of Ruskin and Morris; and blasphemous in the ears of the modern dilettantes of art. But it is my emphatic opinion that art as we know it today has no power over the conscience of mankind; and that it was not because of barbarism that beauty was not named among the things that abide.

Chivalry may be said to have made its trial with the emergence of the gentleman in social reform; and it must be allowed that there were acknowledged gentlemen in English socialism even before the cavalier days of Mr. Cunninghame Graham. I recall many articles and even whole volumes addressed to the aristocratic tradition. The presumption was that the breed of the barons who forced the king's signature to Magna Charta, and of the gentlemen who fought for the Bill of Rights, the reform of the poor laws, popular education, and the eight-hour day, was not extinct, but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only sleeping. An appeal to these slumbering lions would surely be heard and answered. But, again, a reckoning had been made without the host. The ancient chivalry of England had been fed upon other bread than that of "modern ideas"; and modern chivalry was indistinguishable, save in external manners, from modern finance and industry, and was fast losing even that distinction. English aristocracy, in short, was for all practical purposes only a memory; and a social reform that depended for its support upon a fading recollection had but a very short career to failure.

There remained the brotherhood and the humanitarian movement, which, it may be recalled, we had before dismissed with Mr. Edward Carpenter's sandals. Was it to be the brotherhood of man, after all, that could create the emotion in which reason would be felt if not seen? Here was Douglas's idea, which, if I may repeat myself, promised a way out for everybody from the economic morass. All that was needed was that everybody should sufficiently wish to be out of the morass to be willing to try Douglas's way. But how to make everybody really wish—that was now the question for me. The poor, it goes without saying, wish they were rich. The rich wish sincerely enough that the poor were better off. But where is the wish on either side for justice, mean it poverty or riches? Where is the love that counts everybody's gain as his own?

Carpenter undoubtedly had a vision of this in his Towards Democracy; and the varieties of brotherhood churches that sprang up in his wake, bore evidence to the fertility of that soil and the vitality of the seed. But alas, it, too, fell, if not upon stony ground, upon ground thick with thorns. I never saw a brotherhood church that did not cease in a year or two to bear any relation to its name. Quite seriously, there appears to me to be no hope in the brotherhood of man secularly conceived; nor, I may add, in any system of morality, transcendental, naturalistic, or rationalist, taken by itself—no hope, I say, for any radical social reform. The reason is clear. Every such system assumes that man is accountable only to man, and has only social obligations. In the end, every individual must, therefore, owe duty only to his neighbor. His neighbor is his only raison d'être; and society is the Moloch of us all.

The alternative of individualism is, however, quite as unthinkable. A community of Ishmaelites is a contradiction in terms. But, between a society containing only "individualists" and a society containing no individuals, the choice was difficult to make. And, fortunately, the choice proved to be unnecessary.

What was the missing factor, the neutralizing force that alone keeps the world on the middle way—when it is so kept!—between the extremes of imbecility and madness? Simply religion. Yes, but what is the essence of religion, that distinguishes it from even its most colorable imitations in the form of morality, neighborliness, humanitarianism? I reply quite simply, God. Religion without God is, strictly speaking, as ridiculous as science with nothing to know. There is and can be no religion in the absence of God, though there may be God in the absence of religion! Religion I venture to define as the attempt to establish an ideal and conscious relation between man and God; and since, in my experience, every attempt to establish an ideal and conscious relation between man and man, without taking God into account, has failed, the only remaining hope of the serious social reformer is to "find religion," that is to say, find God.

It would be saying too much to affirm that I resigned from the New Age and from active participation in social reform in order to find God. I only wish that my motives could be as clearly conscious as that would imply. But at least I am clear now that no other end will end my search.

De Senectute

It is but of miles a twain
Till the earth takes heart again,
Seaward strives and thrusts amain
With a skyey promontory
Round whose base the wasted wrack
Boils, recoils with pallid track
Stained with dawn and sunset glory;
Where the winds make holiday,
Gather from the ocean plain
To a titan roundelay.
It is but of miles a twain
Yet I shall not go again.

It is but of miles a twain
From my hearth to yonder height,
But I shall not come again
When the tides of day and night
Beat upon the western gate,
Nor to track the starry spate,
Nor at breast of morning bright
Stain my lips with light of sun.
What is ended, what undone
Come no more like restless ghost,
Urge no more with empty boast
Heights unconquered, life begun.

On the marsh-lands brooding, dim,
Cloudy mists of evening swim,
Sloping lands that fall alway
League on league from light of day.
But the feet go gladly down
Bloomless meadows bare and brown
There beneath the moonless roof
Of the vapors starlight-proof,
Till at last the silence lies
Soft as sleep on weary eyes.
It is but of years a twain
And I shall not come again.

N. M. Layne.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SAINT OF THE DESERT

By BYRON KHUN DE PROROK

IT was in René Bazin's Charles de Foucauld that I first read Père de Foucauld's reproach to Dr. Herrison for not having continued and persevered in an anthropological study of the Tuaregs.

"The little you could have done," declared de Foucauld, "would have been a heritage for your successors."

The "hermit of the Hoggar" many times expressed himself on this subject. With the sense of a great historian and explorer he appreciated the need for research in the heart of the Sahara and the study of the origin of the mysterious white race of the Tuaregs.

Since 1922, when I first read Bazin's account of the work of de Foucauld, I have steadily approached the fulfilment of an ambition to carry out that work, at least in some small measure, and to reach and explore the mighty mountain massif known as the Hoggar. My objectives, however, were not only the study of the origin and history of the Tuaregs, but also the tracing of ancient Carthaginian and Roman trade routes across the desert.

During the last five years, which I have spent in excavation in Carthage and Utica, I have often wondered where the gold, silver, ivory, and precious stones came from, how they found their way across the intervening earth from the Sudan and into the tombs of the rich Carthaginians.

Herodotus, taken with due caution, gives considerable suggestion, and Pliny supplies details of the "mountain of precious stones, in the land of the Garamantes." The indications were sufficiently marked to justify further exploration, so the spring of 1925 saw me planning and ordering special cars and equipment to transport an expedition to the Hoggar. On October 6, with fourteen companions, I started in automobiles, on a quest to excavate lost civilizations in the heart of the most desolate region the world can offer.

For many months camel caravans had been crossing the desert, carrying our food and gasoline, oil and stores, and when we were ready to start, the Algerian government detailed 120 soldiers (mehari) to be our escort and safeguard.

Under the seat of my car was a large bronze wreath dedicated to Père de Foucauld and General Laperrine. Père de Foucauld is the last great martyr of the Sahara, the man who did so much to pacify the inner reaches of the desert, and add it to the territory of France.

Following weeks of bitter fighting against all the obstacles the Sahara can place in the way of explorers, we reached Tamanrasset, about 1,800 kilometres from Algiers. We had had to build our own roads in places; we had had to chart our course by stars and sun and compass; and on the way had passed the sad remains of expeditions which had gone before us with inadequate equipment.

At Tamanrasset we found the little fortress-chapel which Père de Foucauld erected in the heart of the wild volcanic peaks, where he chose to lead his solitary, hermit life in an attempt to evangelize the warlike Tuaregs.

The sun was just setting across the towering needle-like peaks as we arrived, and the silence of the desert lay heavily on the dreary scene. The grave of the martyr lay in the shadow of crumbling ruins, marked by a little wooden cross in the white sands on which were simply engraved the words, "R. P. de Foucauld." That was all. After a lifetime of exploration in the wilds of Morocco and a heroic existence in the Hoggar, the man who completes the canon of the saints of the Sahara fell a victim to the fanatical Tuaregs, inflamed by the insidious propaganda of the enemies of France who saw in him the very heart of French authority and progress in the Sahara.

Like Augustine, of the same mysterious continent of Africa, he passed a turbulent youth, and, after enlightenment, chose the life of self-sacrifice and reparation, a life not paralleled in our present age. His influence grew rapidly. The Tuaregs have repented their aberration, and now it does not matter in what part of the desert one travels, de Foucauld's memory is sacred among the people. Naturally, my conversation with them often turned on the "marabout," and always the response was in penitent love and veneration.

King Amenokal Akhamouk told us that the Tuareg women to this day visit the tomb of the martyr, and, according to their ancient manner, lie across his grave, calling on the dead.

Père de Foucauld's chapel still stands erect, with the little cross he placed above the door still plainly outlined against the Saharan skies, and his spirit still persists in the midst of desolation.

Two men of our expedition knew the hermit well—Chapuis, our guide; and Belaid, the Kabyle-Tuareg interpreter. They were both soldiers during the great war, and it was Belaid who buried the missionary, with his hands still tied behind him, carrying out the dead man's wish that he be buried where he fell.

In our later work, we discovered among the freed slaves the negro Paul, who was Père de Foucauld's only disciple. He had made the responses day by day with the hermit, before the altar of a little chapel made of boxes and tins.

De Foucauld's lifelong friend was General Laperrine, who died in a disastrous attempt to fly across the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sahara. They lie side by side in the waste of this wilderness, the soldier-conquerer and the patriotic priest. Their names have become legendary. I heard many stories of these two while I was in the Hoggar. On many a hundred-mile-long expedition into the Tuareg fastnesses, de Foucauld would walk behind the General's camel. His humility was infinite. He built a hermitage on the summit of Mount Asekrem, a little hut nearly three thousand metres above the sea level, and he climbed down 1,500 feet for drinking water.

At Tamanrasset he slept on the floor of his tiny chapel, subsisting on two meals a day, the plainest of food, suffering the nightly terror of Saharan cold.

To those who dream of the Sahara as a place of tremendous heat only, it will, perhaps, be interesting to know that our own expedition suffered far more from the cold than from the heat, although the heat can reach a degree of 136 Fahrenheit. The variation between night and day, even in the most favorable of seasons, averages more than seventy-five degrees, and the temperature at night is uncomfortably close to zero. At night I wore three suits of underclothing, thick pajamas, two sweaters, a fur coat, and a sleeping bag, the whole covered by three blankets, yet was not protected from cold, a cold that could be agonizing at times.

De Foucauld had just terminated his Tuareg grammar and dictionary before his death. His next field was to have been the archaeological exploration of the desert. It devolved on us to "carry on" from the point where death interrupted the work of the holy man. How rich his territory was in the field of archaeology we soon learned, for near Tamanrasset we discovered a great tomb.

Had the Tuaregs been opposed to our work it would probably have fared ill with us, but, fortunately, they believe that the great tumuli-tombs of the Hoggar were built by giants and not by their ancestors, so they did not seek to hinder us, and were willing to allow us to employ members of the various slave castes as laborers.

Our first tomb revealed two skeletons, buried in the Libyan fashion, the body crouching, with the knees brought up to the chin. The skulls were identical with those of the modern Tuaregs, and I am convinced that here we have a definite link between the Libyans and the Tuaregs. On the arms of the skeletons were bronze bracelets, and on the necks, collars of perforated ostrich-egg shell, while in the right hand were polished stone implements.

It was the tomb of Tin-Hinan, however, that intrigued me most during our stay among the Tuaregs. The historians Gautier and Chudeau had mentioned the existence of a great tomb at Abelessa. It was referred to as the tomb of the legendary queen. Amenokal Akhamouk, sultan of the Hoggar, had referred to her as "the mother of all the Tuaregs, from whom we are all descended," many times while we talked. For two weeks I made discreet inquiries as to the position of this tomb, and its history.

Consequently, on November 10, we left Tamanrasset on our journey south to Abelessa. When, finally, we located the tomb, we were surprised by its dimensions. It looked incredibly vast, surmounting a hill overlooking two dried-up river beds.

Preliminary investigation revealed eight rooms, and I determined to excavate the most imposing of the series. For many days we worked, removing thousands of worked stones, some of which bore inscriptions in Tifinar.

The wind of the desert blinded us with sand and dust, and the heat of the day and the hordes of flies drove us nearly mad, but we felt we were on the verge of a considerable discovery. Our food supplies ran out at this time. Our supply caravans were three weeks late, and for five days we subsisted on dried beans.

Working the débris through a sieve revealed pieces of silver and beads of cornelian, and on November 18 we reached the first funeral stones. Père de Foucauld was right—great civilizations lie buried in the heart of the Sahara. This was the sight that met our sand-tortured eyes:

In a room sculptured from living rock, lay a skeleton on a canopy of delicately carved wood. Decayed garments lay across the whitened bones; hundreds of semi-precious stones lay under and around the skull; near the head were a crystal vase and a beautiful platter inlaid in silver. Seven massive gold bracelets were on the right arm, and eight bracelets of silver on the left. On the head was a diadem of golden stars; on the ankles were other bracelets and quantities of bronze and gold ornaments.

A small stone idol or fetish was near the skull—it resembled prehistoric statuettes of Laussel, in Belgium. It is possible that this tomb may confirm the connection of the Libyans and the Tuaregs.

At the head were also discovered three ostrich quills. All these items are significant, as the position of the body, the fringed leather garments, the anklets, bracelets, plumes, and vermilion-painted vestments, and other details correspond to the record given by Herodotus of the ancient Libyan method of burial, upon which Stephane Gsell, member of the French Institute, presented an informative report to the Academy on the return of the expedition.

High Neighbor

Coming out of my door at midnight,
I wonder who is living on the mountain,
With a light in his window, all alone
In the snow above the timber line,
Till I remember again that there is no one
Ever up there but the moon.

WITTER BYNNER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CREATING A CATHOLIC CONSCIENCE

By L. J. S. WOOD

THE main value, from the strictly Catholic point of view, of the "confoederatio" of international Catholic coöperation, whose aims I outlined in The Commonweal for February 24, lies in the establishment of a centre—a definite, officially recognized centre of intercommunication for Catholics throughout the world. That was necessary. It did not exist before officially or fully; it exisits now. There is a place through which the Catholic thought and action in any country can get in touch with those in all other countries.

Occasions have arisen often and will continue to arise when Catholics, individuals, or organizations in different parts of the world, are not certain about (because they themselves have not the means at hand for finding out) some fact of past or present history; about the right line of reasoning and judgment on a given problem; about what is being done by Catholics in other lands with regard to some problem of the moment. But now there is to be a place, an organization, where such information may be found. It must not be thought, however, that this centre will be a sort of mouthpiece of the Holy See. When things have to be said, it will always be the Pope who says them, ex cathedra, on the rare occasions when such a pronouncement of paramount importance has to be made in a matter of faith or morals, in encyclicals, by decrees of sacred congregations, in letters through, and sometimes to, the cardinal-secretary of state. But there are a thousand things, facts, and problems in the ordinary daily run of life and thought, on which expert knowledge and guidance would be invaluable to the ordinary man. The centre will provide that knowledge and guidance, not necessarily from itself, but indicating where the best of it is to be found, and on facts or problems where more knowledge and study are needed, it will set its affiliated experts to work. And its organization will be in a position to communicate that knowledge to the world. A big question can be treated in an annual conference; minor matters, through the press, and by post in response to private enquiry. Study circles can be at work everywhere. As a simple medium for intercommunication alone between Catholics, such a centre should be worth establishing. But there should be much more to it than that.

In the prevalent and growing materialism of the years before 1914, the world was sliding gently and, it seemed, happily down toward social, political, and moral paralysis. It might have checked its progress but war came to hasten it. No clear moral vision was possible in the stress of the years immediately following; nor could it be restored later by the few humanitarian efforts, countered as these were by the rise and unscrupulous tyranny of a worse madness than before. Now it may be said that the world is looking around and trying to pull itself together. It is groping for moral values. Here arise the opportunity and the duty of the Catholic Church. It can help both in outlook on problems of immediate moment, and in judgment, based on principle, of problems of all time. Moreover, that great part of the public opinion of the world, which does not allow itself to be biased by prejudice, is becoming more and more willing—sometimes, indeed, anxious—to hear what it has to say.

A remarkable expression fell from the lips of one delegate at the Oxford meeting of Catholics last summer. Speaker after speaker, representative of society or nation, had shown why, in his view, the "confoederatio" of Catholics was needed. A "Catholic conscience," it was agreed, must be created in the different countries; that is, first, sure knowledge of Catholic, Christian principles of public as well as private life; and second, as an effect of the first, a public opinion, a mass of influence—exercised by all men of good will thus instructed—strong enough to turn the policy of those responsible in the direction indicated by those principles. This object was put by one speaker in seven words, which, to a thoughtful mind, express more than might be written in as many pages: "To prevent the social death of Christ."

That is, in the upshot, all there is to the present problem. And we are all responsible. We, each and everyone of us today, are the nation. And as each one of us is in the nation, so is the nation in the world. A world that tries to run itself without Christian principle cannot live any life that is worth living. Is our present-day world running itself on Christian principle? We are all responsible. There are in it today 300,000,000 Catholics, and many more millions of Christian men and women of good will. Could our rulers resist the public opinion of the Catholic conscience if all these knew what was right on Christian principles in any problem, from a coal strike to the law of nations, and stood up united to insist that right be done?

It is said that in the old days when canon law ruled the world, which was Catholic, there was much more in it than is seen in the purely ecclesiastical code we have today. It is said that there were in it principles, instructions, and prohibitions for the everyday affairs of life, public and private; for the conduct of war, for instance—then quite an everyday affair; for the conduct of nations and their rulers. It is said that these principles could be dug out of old codes, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be found applicable to the affairs of today, though in outward appearance so much changed.

At a quiet, unofficial gathering in Rome not long ago, this was mentioned, and someone asked: "We barbarians"—not being a Roman, though a very learned man, that is what the seeker after knowledge termed himself—"we barbarians want to know if this is so, and if so, if authority can give us today the principles of guidance given to the nations centuries ago." This would be no matter of dogma, of infallible pronouncement of the Church by its head. It would be matter of known Catholic, Christian principle throughout the ages which the expert canonist and theologian could expound. If that exposition had been available and had been studied, if every Catholic and every man of good will in the world had been even in some degree conversant with it before the League of Nations was created, then what good will there was might have had a foundation and a backing to enable it to draw up a better "covenant," which would have had a powerful if invisible sanction.

That is a very big thing on which the Confoederatio may first turn its experts, and then inform the world. At present, as has been noted, a part of it gives expert study to such problems as are under the consideration of the League of Nations. But that study should extend to all big problems, to the end that if, and when, one or any may come up, the Catholic, Christian principles in the light of which they must be judged, may be known far and wide.

It is reckoned that there are from three to four hundred "internationals" in the world. And there are other societies in hundreds which, though not called international, have international connection and expression. How many of them are, perhaps unwittingly, tending to bring about the social death of Christ—how many have established it as their deliberate aim? Recently the writer was shown, and was amazed by, a collected and collated picture of the activities of a number of private societies, many of them seeming just crazy, some of them seeming to tend to immorality, all seeming quite unimportant, but from every one of them there ran a line, so thin and winding that it was difficult to trace, the starting point of which was Moscow. We do not want to judge Moscow—or anything—in any way other than thoughtfully, and as far as possible, impartially. But the more thoughtfully we consider it, the clearer it becomes that whatever change time may be bringing to its economic theories and practice, one tenet that has not changed and shows no sign of change—one necessary condition for its very existence—is the social death of Christ. As long as there remains religion, the Catholic religion in particular, Bolshevism is not safe.

That is by far the most dangerous "international" just now. But would it not be superlatively useful that members of the one and only permanent, preëminent, international body in the world should be able to follow and study carefully the activities, theories, and objects of all "internationals" and kindred societies? If memory serves, there was an interesting publication on this subject not long ago. But single initiative does not suffice. Here is just one, but a vitally important point on which a central organization could illuminate the Catholic conscience. In the other direction, a working intercommunication centre might be the means of bringing to light the connection between certain contemporaneous activities, say in Morocco, Egypt, Teheran, or some point of South America; or in Riga, Paris, London, Berlin, and Rome, which might be usefully noted by a disarmament conference sitting in Washington. For such a conference, we must remember, would be in its way working for the social reign of Christ.

May one, then, ask Catholics to take note of what was done at Oxford last summer; not to skim the account of it as just an item in the current record of the day, and uninteresting at that, because unsensational; nor to put it in the category of one of many proposals which will probably end in nothing; but to think of it. Let them think seriously of the possibilities for good for the whole world that may arise from this foundation laid, if all Catholics will help to raise the edifice and thus interest other men and women of good will. Let them think, too, of the responsibility of every individual. For, though to be thoroughly effective it will take some time, the possibilities really are immediate and infinite. The thing will move at once along the road to good, crushing evil in its way, if everyone will give his aid, small or great, in the manner possible and convenient to him. That there is the evil—that there is the possibility of killing it by effort for good, we all know. Pius XI outlined it three years ago in that great encyclical, Ubi Arcano Dei, which is worth reading once again—and again after that.

Coastwise Graves

She weeps all day.
The sea wind blows
But does not break a crimson rose
Upon the bare mound where he lies,
For only hardy columbine
Grope through the crowding rocks, and twine
Their starving roots where best they may.
'Tis grief for roses fills her eyes—
She weeps all day.

I do not weep—
For I have seen
By other coastal graves, the green,
Slim iris stalks push boldly through
The granite crannies, gaily wave
Their bloom of blue above a grave—
As if to let the dead man keep
A token of the sea he knew.
I do not weep.

JOHN HANLON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS OF A RETICENT MASTER

By JOSEPH J. REILLY

ALTHOUGH more than one of his contemporaries achieved the distinction, Newman has never been accounted a great letter writer. Thackeray, Carlyle, Edward Fitzgerald, Stevenson—these admit you to the sanctuary of intimacy, there to see them at their ease, and to share with them their slippered leisure and their unguarded moments. Their correspondence is filled with sidelights on their contemporaries, discussions on literature, the progress of their personal affairs, a dinner-party, a reconciliation, a projected new book, the spice of gossip and anecdote, and those intimate portraits of friends and foes, appareled to the life, that make dead yesterdays live.

But with Newman it is different. It is not that he cannot unbend, for he can do that delightfully when he wishes; it is not that he is lacking in humor, for his rare smile is a joy to see. But the fact is, that this man, who in his teens walked with God and felt himself ever in His presence, found that the serious business of life pressed constantly on his attention, and left little time for purely social interests. His correspondence was enormous, but it was largely with men and women who had moral problems to solve, or doubts or besetting difficulties, or who were allies or foes in some of the momentous matters with which his life was concerned—the Tractarian Movement, his conversion, the Irish University, the Rambler, the establishment of a branch of the Oratory at Oxford, the Kingsley affair, the definition of infallibility.

Newman never "jumped with the crowd"; he was too completely the individualist for that, with an awareness of himself and of God such as few men have ever equaled or even understood. To him the longest life seemed short, because there is so much that He exacts of us and the night cometh swiftly. And always the world of shadows in which we live snares us within its petty round of irritating concerns and duties, and we ignore that other world, the realities of which should be the object of our dear desires.

With such an insistent sense of the preciousness of time, it is no wonder that Newman is not a great letter-writer in the same way as Horace Walpole, the gossip; Gray, the pensive portrayer of minor doings; the whimsical Lamb, the dynamic Carlyle, the ebullient Thackeray, the intimate Fitzgerald. They are in the world and of the world; and their relations to one another, despite differences of time, place, and personality, are infinitely closer than they could ever be to John Henry Newman. His letters, unlike theirs, rarely mirror the details of his confined circle or portray the celebrities who enter it; for they are too busy with those things that escape the eye.

All this, however, is not to say that Newman was hardly a great letter-writer. The distinction of a perfect style and the genius of a spiritual leader—great qualities, indeed—brighten his notes to others; and the fact that they are saturated, like the Apologia, with the personality of Newman, makes them peculiarly precious. It is not that he wears his heart upon his sleeve, for, except in the rarest instances, he restrains his moods, checks the expression of his emotions, and yields his ultimate confidences only to his own soul. But, none the less, he is pervadingly present, tender, thoughtful, patient, gracious, tactful, keen, eager to serve, mentally inexhaustible, and on occasion, when meekness has ceased to be a virtue, accusive, ironic, crushingly frank. These letters do really trace a priceless picture of the mind and heart of a man so many-sided, so endowed with spiritual vision, so abidingly conscious of that Other Presence, that he belongs to the high company of the rarest souls in all time.

Gifted with the keenest intuitive judgment of character, Newman never failed to sense his correspondent's thought or appreciate his type of mind; and his letters vary widely in tone as he writes, now to a nun who has lost her beloved superior; now to a man of the world who is groping for religious light; now to an old friend who seeks literary guidance; now to a child; now to one of those fortunate few, dear as life itself, to whom he could pay such exquisite tribute, in prose like music, as brought the Apologia to a close. Sympathetic and deeply sincere as he was, never once in all his long years, and through the mazes of a huge correspondence with men and women of every variety of mind, did he strike a false note. "You always understand everything," his sister had said to him when, in childhood, he had dried her tears; and that judgment has been reëchoed many times since by innumerable voices.

His skill in varying his tone could be made to suit his own inclination no less than his correspondent's type of mind. When in 1857 he resolved to resign the rectorship of the University at Dublin he wrote letters to the members of the hierarchy of Ireland "carefully graduated in cordiality of expression," and to read them is to see Newman from many angles, his punctilious courtesy, his appreciation of kindness, and his abiding respect for his superiors even when resentment of their failure to support his policies seemed warranted.

Newman's interest in seekers for religious truth did not end with his Lectures to Anglicans. Doubts or difficulties had only to be honest to touch his heart, and in the voluminous correspondence he carried on with men and women who sought his guidance, insight,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

patience, and tenderness were mingled with an exquisite tact. For years one of his highest hopes centered in the conversion of Henry Wilberforce, to whom he wrote some of his most insistent letters on the claims of the Catholic Church. In the autumn of 1849 rumor had it that Wilberforce was on the threshold of conversion. Newman wrote: "Carissime:—I have heard something about you this morning, which makes me say: 'Send for me and I will come to you at once—by return of post. Do not let anything stand between conviction and its legitimate consequence.' Carissime, you must die some day or other."

Two days later he wrote again: "Carissime:—This may cross one of yours but I can't help writing. How can you delay? O my dearest H. W., may not this be a crisis in your eternal destiny?"

But the change did not come for months. Newman continues to be insistent: "There is no alternative between Catholicism and infidelity to the clear thinker—flee Babylon while you can." Again, when conversion appears to be merely a matter of time: "O, the joy it will be to me to see you and embrace you as the patriarch turned himself with yearning to his lost son!" That joy was not delayed much longer, and early in 1850 Henry Wilberforce and his wife were received into the Church.

Among the eminent Victorians whose association with Newman was slight but who felt, afar off, the spell of his personality, none inspired a more affectionate confidence than Richard Holt Hutton. Intellect, character, and the editorship of The Spectator united to give him a commanding position, and in the early days of the Kingsley-Newman duel, when public opinion trembled in the balance, it was the weight of his influence which inclined it to Newman. The Oratorian wrote to express his gratitude, and a friendship followed marked by mutual appreciation, both personal and intellectual, and a delicate candor that spoke eloquently for both men. Hutton never entered the Church, but he did not lose Newman's esteem any more than Keble, Copeland, Dean Church, or Lord Blachford, those beloved friends of Oxford days who remained in the Anglican communion. Here is a Christmas letter written when Newman was seventy-one:

> My dear Mr. Hutton:—I have nothing to write to you about, but I am led at this season to send you the religious greetings and good wishes which it suggests, to assure you that, though I seem to be careless about those who desire truths, yet I do really sympathize with them very much, and ever have them in mind.
>
> I know how honestly you try to approve yourself to God, and this is a claim on the reverence of anyone who knows or reads you. There are many things as to which I most seriously differ from you, but I believe you to be one of those to whom the angels on Christmas night send greetings as "hominibus bonae voluntatis," and it is a pleasure and a duty for all who would be their companions hereafter to follow their pattern of comprehensive charity here. I cannot feel so hopefully and tenderly to many of those whom you defend or patronize as I do to you—and what you write perplexes me often—but when a man is really and truly seeking the pearl of great price, how can one help joining oneself in heart and spirit with him?
>
> Most truly yours,
> John H. Newman.

Newman cherished anniversaries with a kind of passion which deepened with the years. Every day had a significance of its own which he recorded faithfully in his letters—his Oriel fellowship, his conversion, the beginning of the Oxford Movement, a friend's birthday, the death of Walter Scott, and countless others. Death did not terrify him; rather, he thought of it with a certain awe, as of a veil behind which lies the answer to great mysteries.

Among Newman's dearest friends of Oxford days was W. J. Copeland, his curate at Littlemore, and the editor of his sermons. After an interval of seventeen years they chanced to meet and at once the memories of the wonder-time when all Oxford was at Newman's feet and the friendships of the Tractarian brotherhood glowed with the ardor of their great crusade, awakened to poignant life again. Copeland must come to see him at the Oratory! But when the promised visit was put off Newman wrote in remonstrance and the eager insistence of his letter betrays how deeply his emotions were stirred:

> Now you are not going to disappoint me. Except Ambrose Saint John, I have not spoken to anyone so near to my heart and memory as you are for nearly seventeen years—and you are going to deny me what you promised! . . .
>
> How do I know that I shall ever see you again, if you don't come now? People are carried off so unexpectedly. There was Sir Robert Throckmorton last week, a hearty-looking man, younger than I—and he is gone. Men drop as on a battlefield.

Few things show Newman's keenness for the past, his pathetic cherishing of old memories, his abiding love of his friends, and his craving for affection as strikingly as his letters to Copeland at this period. "You could not be kinder to me," he writes, "than you are in telling me that persons whom I love have not forgotten me." When he fears that Copeland is not careful enough of his health he chides him gently, adding: "I want you to live many years, and never, never again to be so cruel to me as you were for nearly seventeen long years."

Verily, this is the voice of Newman, not Newman the controversialist, the educator, the guide of perplexed souls, the spiritual prophet, the great writer, but Newman the man, whose capacity for friendship was boundless, who could be as tender as a woman, and who often sought in memory and the affection of friends a sanctuary from such misunderstanding and loneliness as are the portion of Eve's noblest children.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REMINISCENCES OF GUIPÚZCOA

By ESMÉ J. HOWARD

THE usual traveler knows little or nothing of the great beauty that belongs to the Basque coast. It is usual to visit San Sebastián or Saint Jean de Luz; but beyond la Sarte, which is San Sebastián's race-course, is country unexplored. How wonderfully the green vine and the yellow maize contrast with the brown and barren plains of Vieja Castilla with their boulders, stone pines, and far-stretching Velasquez horizons. Who knows those lovely fertile Guipúzcoan valleys that run to the sea? Each has its river, at whose estuary are little towns of picturesque beauty such as Orio or Zumaya. Every one of these small towns has a typical Basque church which rises well above the village. Inside, the church is high and dark, lighted only by small windows near the roof.

At Guetaria the church dates back to the thirteenth century. It is built crooked for lack of space, and its walls converge toward the high altar. The road passes well below its level under an arcade, and beneath this level again is a small chapel. The houses of the town have wrought-iron balconies on the main road. Beside what might be the "plaza mayor," with its old "pelota fronton," is a well of great beauty. Of these there are many in the coast towns. This little fishing centre, which claims to have the best sailors' hospice in Spain, was the home of the world's first circumnavigator. There is a tablet to commemorate the death of Juan Sebastian del Cano, captain of the Victoria (one of Magellan's five ships). His statue stands above the harbor, and in the San Sebastián guildhall there is a painting of him done by Zuloaga to celebrate the fourth centenary of his return. The arms of the town are a whale in the waves of the sea; for the seamen of this coast were great whalers in times gone by. When the day is clear and the sea is calm the dark shoals of sardines, which occasionally glitter like metal, can be seen flying from the pursuing dolphins in the bay. The inhabitants of Guetaria talk a quaint dialect; many of them come from Sicily and Italy for the sardine fisheries.

Hidden in the bay, behind one end of a beach that stretches for a mile and a half, lies Zaraus where I spent many happy summers. They built ships at Zaraus in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—ships for the armadas. The Atlantic rollers break on its treacherous sands all day long, except in the morning when the waters are calm in the gray dawn. Where the beach ends stands the old castle of the Duke of Granada, with its haunted room, "el cuarto azul," about which Padre Coloma wrote one of his novels. On the seaward side of the castle a Madonna looks out to sea from a niche in the wall. At Zaraus they say that some sailors, lost in the storm, invoked the Madonna to their aid and she appeared on the beach to save them. Ever since then, a lamp has burned every night at the foot of the statuette, and has acted as a warning to many a fisherman. I have walked out late at night and seen the townsfolk dancing in the "plaza" by moonlight. The onlookers sit beneath arcades or doorways drinking coffee and smoking. Often enough I used to wander along the beach in the early morning looking at the sandpipers searching for food. I once picked up a small bird on the sand after an all-night hurricane. It was a storm-petrel. The eagles circled round majestically over the sea. The waves went up in columns of water fifty feet high in the distant clefts of a wall of rock.

In the time of migration storks fly south and ducks settle by the thousand in the bay. They come like black clouds nearer and nearer to the water when the sea is calm until they settle with a splash a mile or two from land. After a few hours they fly south again to their nesting places in the estuaries of the Guidalquivir and Guadiana rivers. The woodpeckers tap in the woods and the oyster catchers fly along the river valleys. On the road to Roncesvalles the golden eagles are so little disturbed that it is easy to get within fifty yards of them.

The romance of Guipúzcoa is unspoiled. The charm of antiquity is still upon it. Civilization has not yet wrought its customary destruction. The coast is not littered with modern houses like the coast of the French or Italian Rivieras—those houses with towers that resemble repulsive fungi and which always belong to the "industriali."

Each town holds a magic within it. In the higher Pyrenees there is Pampelona with its Vauban fortifications. Not far from it, the church of San Miguel, high on a hill, boasts one of the finest altar fronts of Limoges enamel to be seen anywhere. And beyond Zaraus there is Oñate with its beautiful university and patio; Aranzazu built on precipitous rocks, a monastery famed for pilgrimage throughout the Basque provinces; Loyola, the home of Saint Ignatius with his "casa solar"; Vergara with its Christ sculptured by Montañes and Limpias, whose sculptured Christ in wood is now so well known. And as I went from place to place I saw the old castles of the kings of Navarre rising like mighty weatherbeaten rocks against the skyline.

Castile is beautiful with a savage beauty; but Guipúzcoa, green in its valleys, is like a smiling home for a happy people.

Speculation on a Windy Hill

Tonight it seems
As though these leafless trees were strong, black nets
Ballooning in the wind, and set
To catch the moon;

As though a hunter somewhere lay in wait
To pick the plumage of the Golden Bird,
The only one that ever finds its way
Into the starry meadows!
(Still—I think it must be all pretense
Or the wind's sport.)
Night after night I've watched the moon-bird fly
Untouched above the tree-traps—
Yet—perhaps—

Perhaps there were a thousand moons one time!
A thousand, thousand slim, sweet-throated moons
Flocking the heavens, skimming through the stars
Like giant humming birds!
Perhaps the night
Was filled with sound of wings
And things, clear songs that we no longer hear.

Young moons and old
All streaming westward, singing!

And were they caught one after one,
Or hundreds in a night?
And were there frightened cries
And showers of golden feathers when they fought
The sharp, tight nets?

And was this one
More agile or more clever than the rest?

MAVIS MCINTOSH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

THE HERITAGE OF THE CHURCH

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—Your Benedictine correspondent is to be thanked for bringing again to mind the artistic work of the monks of the Abbey of Beuron. It is to be regretted that so little is known of this splendid work, and incalculable good would result from the publication, in this country, of a monograph illustrating it. Their effort to develop a creative art and architecture imbued with Catholic spirit accords with the great Benedictine tradition. During the twenty odd years of my own knowledge of this work it has been a veritable beacon to me, a standard against which I have sought to measure my artistic efforts.

In his letter relative to my article on a new architecture, Mr. Fagan, as did Mr. Cram in his article, seems to miss the point of my argument. I stated that the Catholic church plan, as it has developed naturally in this country, is that of a broad and relatively shallow church; that the effort to adapt historic design, i. e., Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic, or Classic, to this differently proportioned plan, has produced architecturally monstrous buildings; that, as a rule, the churches as built are preferred by the priests and worshippers as being practical and desirable; that the plan described is followed in the majority of cases; that it is native to us and has much of spiritual value to recommend it; that, as the plan is the basis of architecture, from this plan, different in proportion to those of the antique styles, could be developed—if consistently designed and enriched—an indigenous and creative architecture. I further proposed the idea of a projecting sanctuary, not as a new idea, although Mr. Cram seemed to think I believed it to be such, but as a logical adjunct to this type of church arrangement, one we find almost universally preferred.

Mr. Fagan found my reply to Mr. Cram unconvincing. I failed to find that Mr. Cram touched on the problem as I saw and presented it. His clearly expressed idea was not to seek a solution of the problem, but to ignore it and to revert to the antique plans for which he has been so long an able spokesman.

To this end he adduced the only argument that bore on my article, the width of Santa Maria del Peno and of the cathedrals of Palma and Gerona, which, it may be assumed, he suggests as models for wide churches, since he specifically mentions them. As most of the problems in design that occupy attention are those of buildings insignificant in size as compared to these cathedrals, I do not see that his statement applied.

Mr. Fagan also writes: "The church plan in this country does not develop differently from the church plan elsewhere." To this I may say that it has already developed differently. While my sympathy is with the American preference, I claim no credit for having originated it. It is not a novelty in this country and does not need to be "tampered" with. It does cry for artistic solution from architects designing Catholic churches, and for an appreciation of the fact by priests and others concerned, that it is a problem which is also the Church's great artistic opportunity.

We are at the beginning of an artistic renaissance. Many of the newer manifestations of art are marked by violence. This is to be expected, considering the long slumber of architecture and the decorative arts. The awakening is, of course, accompanied by the disturbance and surface violence of a sleeper of strong vitality. That will pass. The question is whether the Church will take its old position of leadership in the arts or hearken to the voices of those so occupied with the past that they do not even admit a condition clearly evident in the present, a time which they affect to despise.

Francis Thompson in his Shelley, begins those pages of sheer beauty with this statement: "The Church, which was once the mother of poets no less than of saints, during the last two centuries has relinquished to aliens the chief glories of poetry, if the chief glories of holiness she has preserved for her own." Thompson, by poetry, meant the general animating spirit of the fine arts. Is this a condition that should continue? Without the art of the middle-ages, those centuries would be undistinguishable from the drabness of other periods. Must our record to posterity be our small copies of defunct architecture? I, for one, deny that this last accords with the spirit of our faith.

While the Church needs art to more fully express her innate beauty of spirit, the artist needs the Church to an even greater extent. Without religion there will be no art. We believe in art almost as we believe in sanctity. Art removed from the Church is a child removed from its mother and a wilful, erratic child it becomes. The Church needs only to claim its own to have her song—in the music of art—throb again on the ears of the ages, with new and irresistible charm. Art is the heritage of the Church!

BARRY BYRNE.

PAGANISM IN PRESENT-DAY ART

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The Commonweal's cover proclaims the place of art within its pages. If the man in the street may lift up his eyes to admire or condemn, may he also lift up his voice, or dip down his pen to record his impressions?

The International Studio for December devotes a page to a mural painting, placed lately in the Paulist church; and several paragraphs of approval are given in good measure. The canvas described is an altarpiece to the Little Flower.

To my thinking, a picture in a shrine should bring the beholder to his knees, even before his eyes are fully satisfied. Many knees may fail to function before the procession on the wall, picturing the transfer of the sacred relics of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux.

The picture is essentially modern, even as the saint is modern; the three deacons carrying the reliquary have pompoms on their birettas, and wear up-to-date dalmatics. Their features (and even their haircut) are the same. One wonders if they were triplets, but that distraction is soon dispelled by the half profile of another bearer (perhaps their brother) on the other side of the reliquary.

Church pageants are not uncommon, but his Lordship of Bayeux seems strangely accoutered in his rochet, wearing his mitre without cope or chasuble, and carrying his pastoral staff. He looks like the bishop of Hollywood. An eye-witness, describing the cemetery scene, wrote that the ordinary of the diocese wore his cappa magna. But painters, like poets, may take liberties with facts. The presence of the Stars and Stripes amid the many fluttering banners suggests a memento for the League of Nations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The saint herself high up in the Gothic arch above, may be above reproach, as saints in heaven should be—but when the faithful come to pray to her, it must be a distraction to be bothered by monks and monsignori.

This question suggests itself: Is there a "via media"? And is it the manner of the middle-ages? The past and present are in conflict; the modern and the ultra-modern are not even second cousins. Can we dissociate ourselves from the past? And is not the past our heritage?

All signs point to paganism in present-day art. The outstanding expression is essentially material. Does our generation really crave for a new style in architecture and in mural decoration—a new setting for the old things of ancient faith? If modernism in things religious shall prevail, then Back Bay and Zion City are the climax of present-day spirituality. If our churches become salons for the latest in art, will the multitudes drag their weary knees along the aisles, if our shrines take on the modernism of the Cusack bill-boards? Is there an island of safety between the devil of modernism, and the deep sea of ultra-modernism?

REV. PETER MORAN, C.S.P.

THE DEGRADATION OF MUSIC

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Claflin's threnody on The Degradation of Music showed an intimate knowledge of musical form, but the article as a whole left me sadly unconvinced. I found it interesting to trace musical form from the origin of polyphony with Palestrina to the watered out forms of later and present-day music. Yet, I say, I am unconvinced.

My scepticism is founded on several things. I think, first of all, that Mr. Claflin made a few rather damaging statements; and, then, secondly, I quarrel with his theory of art criticism.

First of all, he says that Beethoven took liberties with the sonata and expressed his own emotional states and "this," he says, "at once limits the receptors to those of similar emotional constitution." But if anyone doesn't like Beethoven, that is only regrettable.

Again he says: "But today's generation finds the rich gobs of sentimentality which Beethoven exuded, too nauseating for intimate acquaintance." I pass this remark without making any comment.

And finally he says that "hundreds of people educate themselves back to Beethoven, scores return to Bach, and perhaps a handful attains Palestrina—but even these are interested only as long as their knowledge is incomplete. With intimate acquaintance comes satiety." And thereby he shows, to my mind, that a mere education in form is not the all of music. It is here that I disagree with his theory of criticism.

Music, to me, is more than a mere fabrication of form. It is more a matter of emotional content. This content has, in fact, been the controlling force behind new forms, or, at least, behind the new variations of old forms, and it is the emotional content that keeps it alive today. Beethoven lives and is a greater musical force than Palestrina to my mind, not because his form was more perfect in an absolute sense, for it was not, but because it was so perfectly fitted to the musical ideas which he had. Beethoven lives because of the humanity of his emotions, and I imagine Palestrina's greatness is similar, in spite of his alleged aloofness. There is, I admit, joy in the contemplation of symmetry, but an orderly presentation of the scholastic theory of matter and form might do the same. The critic admits that even this intellectual pleasure in the study of form lasts only until we understand it perfectly, which shows that there must be something more than the mere study of form in the perennial joy of good music. Beethoven, as a matter of fact, grows with intimacy.

But the author had a thesis and a hobby—his thesis, the decline of music; his hobby, the musical design of Palestrina.

WILFRED G. LAUER, S.J.

DESCANT SINGING

New Milford, Conn.

TO the Editor:—Will you permit the comment of one deeply interested in a recent editorial of The Commonweal touching the revival of "descant singing" in the Church by Dr. W. H. Hall of Columbia University? This director, it may be remembered, was quoted as saying that descant would foster a religious renaissance. Your editorial reminds the reader that the Doctor's descant is only an Anglicized version of Gregorian chant; and then, in a phrase which is itself a whole program, suggests that Gregorian chant would "gain in appeal" were it subjected to variations of the sort exemplified in Dr. Hall's descant. It is in this connection that I venture to intrude a personal reminiscence.

When I was a boy I used to go to church in a famous Catholic parish of New York whose large choir of men and boys was under the direction of the late Dr. Edmund Hurley. New Yorkers who would like to know what those offices and ceremonies, which stud like lights the Christian year, were like in this church up to 1918, might look up Mr. Wilfred Anthony's article in Dr. Cram's lamented review, Christian Art. Today one would scarcely know that there was a Christian year in this parish; other times, other devotions. One must move with the age. Pulpit dialogues, literary lectures, sacred concerts, a choral tour of the Keith circuit, and a radio station more than atone for the public abandonment of half the liturgy.

Dr. Hurley was choirmaster in this church for a quarter of a century. Apparently he disliked publicity, and even after he had composed music, written a book on Gregorian chant, and been honored by our late Holy Father, Pius X, he scarcely became better known. His distinction lay in his great love and unique treatment of Gregorian chant. He was the only director I ever knew or have heard of who understood that plainchant, beside being the most beautiful music ever written for the Church, may be popularized to accord with the change of ear brought about by centuries of counterpoint, so he introduced what was called polyphonic plainchant—that is, part-singing rendered by sets of voices in different timbres. By this method, the chant more than "gained in appeal; it was magnificent and overwhelming in its majesty, its emotion; and was an absolute illustration of the "descant whose governing principle," says your writer, acutely, "was to arouse echoes of varying pitches and shades till the whole church was filled with the triumph of song." No one who ever heard a Gregorian Mass under his direction will forget the long-drawn closes to the Creed or the Gloria, solemn and triumphant like the coda of a great symphony. Moreover, the whole Gradual and Antiphonal were sung; Mass after glorious Mass from the Kyriale were chanted at their proper times—the Missa De Angelis, Orbis Factor, Alma Mater—that superb and poignant anonymous music whose true composer, said Huysmans in a burst of pardonable hyperbole, was God, the Holy Spirit. "This extraordinary musician," a well known prelate once said

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to me, "has rediscovered the music of the middle-ages, the secret of the saints, while a whole generation of savants has gone astray in seeking to restore it to the love of the people."

It was at the front during the war that I read of his death in a newspaper two months old. With him his tradition departed. When I was again in New York I went to the great church where I had worshipped as a schoolboy. There was still a large male choir, containing some ravishing voices, a wealth of select material such as Dr. Hurley never had, and one of the best organists and trainers in the country was at its head. But there was no plainchant, harmonized or otherwise, save the Creed at the customary singsong rate of speed, and a fragment or two of the Proper. The Mass was by some Gounod or sub-Gounod—in short the usual sweet-stuff. Some "genius loci" seemed to have fled from that noble church, and I have sometimes thought the genius to have been the very soul of Catholic worship and Catholic music once blended as they will never be again.

MICHAEL CRONYN.

THE QUESTION OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I am very greatly disappointed. Interest in the vitally important subject of Catholic education seems to be waning before the discussion could really be said to have started—before the clouds of the first inevitable volley of personal rhetoric have fully dissipated. Members of those old established teaching bodies whose traditional experience extends beyond our generation and beyond our particular conditions, have not taken advantage of this opportunity to express their own thought and give the benefit of their views and accumulated experience. Three members of one of the oldest of such communities in these parts have, it is true, taken part in the discussion, but all three completely missed the point.

I do not admit the right of any member of that particular order to miss the point of anything.

Perhaps I can prevail upon these gentlemen to throw the light of their experience upon this difficult and admittedly delicate subject by challenging them publicly in this way: What is a teacher, after all? A controversialist? Or one who by trained experience, and wisdom, natural and acquired, is able and has the moral duty to guide and develop thought—who can prescind from non-essentials in favor of enlightenment?

Is this not as good an opportunity as has been offered in recent years to study the results of American Catholic education as evidenced in ourselves, frankly, completely, analytically, impersonally—scientifically, in a word? Is it not a most opportune stock-taking of ourselves in face of a growing dislike and distrust of "the Church" to which we belong? When all of our fellow citizens are examining with great care the state of American education in general, are we afraid for any reason to look into our own principles?

As a mere matter of publicity, would it not be of practical utility to see, in public print, reaching an intelligent community, what we have achieved, wherein we may still be lacking, what remedies are applicable to whatever condition may need remedies or stimulation?

Is the young president of Michigan University right or wrong when he asks his student body, "is the ultimate object of higher education to train youth merely to utilize successfully the existing conditions of life; or is it to train it to attempt to build the future of our civilization?"—and pronounces emphatically for the latter theory?

We are unused to open discussion of our affairs and hesitate very largely (in my opinion) because we have lived until late years in isolated communities and have not yet quite found ourselves as the power that, in fact, we are; to stand properly, lawfully, and above all, inoffensively for the ideals we profess. Has that attitude anything to do with education, in any measure, even remotely?

It may be that some who could be helpful in this matter have not been greatly impressed by some of what has gone before. I ask them to waive any such consideration and to raise the level of discussion if they have any feeling that until now it has been somewhat beneath them. Nothing that can touch this matter can possibly be below the dignity of the best minds we have.

Are we helping to build a civilization—and, most important, are we leading or following in the process?

We might ask an infinity of questions—we might even ask the heads of our theological seminaries if any of their precious time is lost in matters that should be prerequisite, and what the effect may be.

I hope that in the multitude of questions that might be asked, I have asked one at least that will open up this discussion as it ought to be conducted.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

PYRAMIDS AND WALT WHITMAN

New Haven, Conn.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Andrew Smithberger's letter in the issue of February 10, generously entitled by the editors, Defending Page and Whitman, is very much like an inverted pyramid. It blusters bravely in the first paragraph about expecting "sanity, if not conservatism, in an estimable magazine like The Commonweal." With canny eye it detects "a growing tendency toward either radicalism or deliberate one-sidedness." Then, in best oratorical manner Mr. Smithberger cries: "Are we going to explain it by naming it prejudice or else hopeless perversion of the truth?"

Now the reader's attention is trapped. He is rather anxious to know the grounds of Mr. Smithberger's amazingly frank philippic. And lo! the upside-down pyramid dwindles to a pointless point. The brave bluster was against Mr. Shuster's article on Whitman. The bluster becomes less brave: "Whitman receives only a modicum of praise and credit from me . . . Far be it from me to defend Whitman's life or much of his poetry . . . " etc.

Since Mr. Smithberger himself, then, is no defender of Whitman, why all the fanfaronade? Mr. Shuster's article generously evaluated Whitman as a poet who "was tall enough to reach stars," and was critical, not primarily of "'the good grey poet'" himself, but of a popular misimpression of the poet's leadership in "the true American renaissance." Mr. Smithberger has "only a modicum of praise" for Whitman, and Mr. Shuster has great praise for him. So why does Mr. Smithberger, after placing himself in such an equivocal position, say such nasty things about Mr. Shuster's alleged "caustic attack" on Whitman?

I sincerely feel that a gentleman of Mr. Shuster's standing in American Catholic letters ought not be needlessly exposed to such meaningless scurrility as the first paragraph of Mr. Smithberger's letter contains—notwithstanding the fact that an intellectual pyramid as solidly founded as Mr. Shuster's does not suffer by comparison with one wobbling on its apex.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Cyrano Again

I WISH every bill-board along Broadway could flame out the fact that Walter Hampden is again acting in Cyrano. Not only is the play a great piece of romantic literature, but in it Hampden achieves a reality and sincerity far beyond the ken of most actors of our day. I venture that even those familiar with his earlier performances in the same rôle will find much that is new and strong and splendid in the part as he plays it today.

There is something in that false and grotesque nose which releases the real Hampden. Perhaps he identifies his own idealistic nature more closely with this hero than with any other. At all events, he puts into Cyrano a volume of feeling and warmth which many find lacking in his portrayals of other noble parts. By this I mean genuine personal feeling. For certainly no one could complain of the theatrical emotional force he brings to Othello or Hamlet. But the quality is different. In Cyrano one sees—or, more accurately, feels—both the weakness and the strength of Hampden the man. The result is quite electric.

Probably the time has come to speak very frankly about Hampden. He is easily the greatest puzzle of our stage today—a man of deep intellectual understanding, an indefatigable worker, a profound student of the drama, manager, director and actor. No one has finer and purer ideals of what the stage ought to be. No one is more needed to leaven the conflicting ideals of the current theatre. He is a national figure, admired, respected, and yet—except in Cyrano—far from idolized.

Somewhere, somehow, he seems to have shut out the breath of life which gives a man of far lesser proportions, such as John Barrymore, glow, glamor, and popularity. The trouble is evidently deep seated. If it were not for Cyrano, one might suspect it incurable. But on account of Cyrano, and thanks to Cyrano, we know it is not incurable—that this brave actor who shrouds himself in fine thoughts and intellectualizes his emotions, can and does escape from his prison. What's to be done about it?

Well—for example—suppose we were to say that Hampden's apparent strength is, in reality, a weakness, and the very thing that hampers his art. Take first his intellectual strength. Few actors know so accurately in advance just what they wish to portray. This is much better than relying solely on intuition or the feeling of the moment. It gives the effect of a permanent structure to his work. But at times the structure itself is too apparent. Careful thought has chilled feeling—and what some people call glow and others magnetism in acting is little less than rich warm feeling conveyed to the audience through good technique. Hampden has over-developed the thoughtful side of his work. The reason it does not obstruct the emotional surge in Cyrano is undoubtedly because in this character Hampden has found so much of himself that natural feeling has triumphed, surging above the barriers of thought.

Then there is his power to occupy a triple rôle—actor, director and business manager. It is something of a feat to be a one-man band—but what of the greater strength in being able to delegate authority and to select subordinates worthy of receiving that authority? As theatrical manager, Hampden announces that the curtain will rise at eight o'clock—and at eight it does rise with a rigidity of purpose that must cost a man of temperament no small effort. Hampden probably calls this "keeping faith with the public"—a splendid ideal, worthy of a Cyrano. But, if this strong suppression of temperament, so excellent in a business man, carries over into his acting, the public might be glad to sacrifice ten minutes of punctuality for ten degrees more of warmth in the play itself. Three days less work with Mr. Bragdon in perfecting the stage sets exchanged for three days more of stored-up vitality might be an equally pleasant greeting for the public. And possibly the hand of an outside director during the last days of rehearsal, to bring Mr. Hampden's own acting into closer harmony with his support, would lessen the public feeling that ensemble is sacrificed.

In the third place, there is Hampden's love for heroic plays, notably Shakespearean repertory. I know that he is absolutely sincere in believing this to be a fine theatrical ideal. But unfortunately, plays of this type either are, or have become through tradition, vehicles for one or two star actors. We need every now and then to be brought back to the beauties of the historical theatre—to realize the eternal truth and value of all great drama from Greece to modern New York. But the play, to be a living thing in our lives, must quite as often spring from the environment of the times—must restate the eternal themes in terms of our own lives and feelings.

And in our modern plays the interaction of character is of their essence. They are not starring vehicles—in the same sense, that is, as the traditional Hamlet. Hampden would become a vastly more potent force in our theatre if he set to work to produce modern as well as classic and costume plays. His company would learn to play better with him. They would feel less crushed under the weight of a single great talent. To me it is a distinct weakness in the current Hampden season that he has not attempted a play in the drab colors but more intense immediate feeling of the present day.

In other words, tenacity is a splendid virtue when it does not become so pronounced as to defeat its own purpose. Then it becomes a weakness—a blinding thing. Many people have accused the Comédie Française of rigidity, yet I saw recently at that famous theatre a modern play, Robert et Marianne, which would have taxed to the utmost the ability of Hampden and Miss Barrymore, and would have presented New York with something far above the level of all except one or two plays of this season. Has Mr. Hampden sent out scouts to discover such plays? Or is his adherence to costume classics really a covered dread of letting us see Hampden in modern clothes? The true answer might go far to solve the Hampden puzzle.

In view of the brilliant fact that Cyrano is again on the boards, these remarks would be ungracious and ill-timed if it were not for the genuine interest and enthusiasm which I share with many others for Mr. Hampden and what he can still do in the future for the American stage. No one else is in a better position to make us a great gift—to establish for and with us a theatre that will give us the best in authentic drama while avoiding the too frequent morasses of the ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perimental and ultra-modernistic theatre. Hampden in character comedy—yes, even in The Show-Off! Hampden (and company) in a lyric tragedy by Dan Totheroh, perhaps Wild Birds—Hampden in Hamlet again, and then in Cyrano—Hampden in Rostand's Don Juan—Hampden in a serious and worthy French play such as Robert et Marianne—and Hampden (for the sheer good fun of it!) in Sheridan's The Critic. There you have a picture to whet the appetite of the real theatre lover—a sheer variety that would bring Hampden's naturally deep feeling to the surface and give him the glamor he needs; a demand for ensemble that would stimulate the finest inner powers of his company; less of Hampden, perhaps, in acting rôles, but more of the creative Hampden more of the artist of the theatre as a strong, virile guiding hand and source of inspiration.

Alias the Deacon

GOOD old-fashioned comedies of reformed crooks are so exceedingly rare that Alias the Deacon ought to be set for a considerable run in New York and elsewhere. It is not an original play. In fact, it is not even a particularly good play according to the somewhat overstrained standards of the moment. But it provides a solid evening of entertainment, much familiar though never tiresome comedy, and enough intervening pathos to keep the surface emotions pleasantly stirred.

The prologue, set in a box car, may lead you to expect another drama of the hobo empire such as Outside Looking In. But thereafter things run in more conventional lines. From the family mortgage upward and onward, you will find all the comforting and familiar episodes of villainy, misguided lives, triumphant virtue and all-conquering love, drunken prize-fighters, kind-hearted card sharpers, Italian desperadoes, self-confident detectives—and the girl.

In fact, there are two girls—the imperiled young one, and the widow, not quite so young, but still capable of throwing the net of tenderness and reformation around the Deacon. But—

It is not as bad as it sounds. The obvious melodrama has been well softened to meet the comedy, and the character acting is so excellent as to lift the play well above the mechanics of its plot. Mr. Churchill as the card-sharping pseudo-deacon, Mr. Roberts as the prize-fighter, and Donald Foster as the upright and misunderstood young hero make a smooth-working trio, with Miss Frances Underwood and Miss Mayo Methot helping out admirably as the girls in the case. Miss Methot shows considerable acting quality except in repose. If she would remember that people are just as vividly alive when saying nothing as when talking in the center of the stage, she would become a much more than acceptable ingénue.

The Return of Emperor Jones

BACK in the cramped quarters of the Provincetown Playhouse with Gilpin once more in the lead, we have had a chance to see Emperor Jones while the memories of Great God Brown are fresh. The moral is poignant. Eugene O'Neill has himself passed through a dense forest peopled with fears since the days he wrote of Brutus Jones, pullman porter, emperor and lost fugitive. Only instead of going round in a circle, he has at last emerged into a place where stars shine. If O'Neill continues to progress spiritually as much as Great God Brown indicates, his next few plays should be things of incomparably greater beauty than anything he has done.

BOOKS

The Quebec Act: A Study in Statesmanship, by R. Coupland. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. $3.50.

TO the student of comparative history it will always be a source of wonder that the British government, whose failure to reconcile Ireland to its rule is notorious, should have so signally succeeded in gaining the allegiance of a community bitterly hostile to its rule, alien to its faith, and still smarting from a recent defeat, nearly eighty years before the disabilities that weighed upon the Catholic majority in the sister island were removed by law.

The conditions were not so very far apart—at any rate the parallel is more striking than are the differences. As Professor R. Coupland puts it in The Quebec Act, which is a history of a crisis in the fate of the British Empire: "In all the elements of nationality, the French-Canadians were at least as different from Englishmen as the Irish. . . . There was the same marked distinction in race . . . and a stronger, because more equal, rivalry in language. Above all, there was the same difference in religion—which in Ireland had proved for more than a century past, and for more than a century to come was still to prove, the greatest obstacle to peace and harmony with Britain."

In a word, all the elements for disaster—all the conditions which might have been trusted to bring about a repetition of Ireland's tragedy—were at hand in the new world as in the old. If they failed and if the flag that was hauled down in Boston and New York still floats above the citadel of Quebec, Britain has two main factors to thank. One was the foresight, courage, and public spirit displayed by two obscure civil servants in whose hands the destiny of the conquered colony lay for a few years. Another was the bigotry and blindness displayed by the colonists further south who were already preparing to cast off the yoke of the mother country. Canada, as an integral part of the Union, was sacrificed on the altar of puritanism. Of this there can be no doubt at all in any reasonable man's mind after the historical evidence that Mr. Coupland marshals, has been read and digested. There are many reasons why The Quebec Act is not a pleasant book for Americans to read. But a more wholesome corrective to the bigotry that is rearing its atavistic head today could hardly be imagined.

The task before the British government when civil superseded military law in 1763, and General James Murray was appointed Canada's first governor, was a delicate one. On the one hand, the French colonists were to be conciliated and all danger of their being used as pawns by their kinsmen in Europe removed. On the other, the prejudices, political and religious, of the British colonists, who it was hoped would pour into Canada, must be respected. There is every evidence that this immigration was relied on to settle the balance of race in practical form, and it was hardly likely that they would be attracted to a land where French law ruled and Catholic practices flourished. Some peculiar conceptions were indulged on the last point. "They are a quiet, submissive people," Francis Maseres, the first attorney-general of the province, and himself of French Huguenot descent, advised ministers at home: "I believe in many places, if a Protestant minister had been put in upon the vacancy of a priest, a very little pains . . . would have brought over many."

The hoped for immigration did not eventuate, largely owing to the superior attractions of the New England colonies. Of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

20,000 who sailed west in 1764, a mere handful found their way to Canada. Such as did, however, whether from old England or New England, brought their full share of arrogance and bigotry. "The policy of toleration was by no means acceptable." The right granted to Catholics to practise in courts was denounced as "unwarrantable and unconstitutional."

At the time that the protest was made, Protestant stood to Catholic as one to 350! Murray, an honest and well-meaning official might well write home to his government that if 200 Protestants were to be made "perpetual judges of the life and property" of 80,000 French-Canadians, Canada might look for depopulation in quick order.

General Guy Carleton, an Irishman who succeeded Murray, the Scot, as governor in 1766, is described by Mr. Coupland as "one of the great figures in the history of the British Commonwealth. . . . In him on a much bigger scale than in Murray, the statesman was yoked with the soldier. His judgments were the quick, half-instinctive judgments of the practical man, but they were shrewd, far-sighted, and admirably clear and firm."

Some of the prophecies made by Carleton were astonishing. He had no illusions on the new immigration: "Barring a catastrophe shocking to think of, this country must, to the end of time, be peopled by the Canadian race, who have already taken such firm root." He foresaw the American Revolution ten years before the battle of Lexington, and prophesied that "Canada will probably then become the principal scene where the fate of America may be determined." Religiously, there can be no doubt that Carleton, like Gallio before him, and like so many among the educated classes in the eighteenth century, "cared for none of these things." But during the discussion on the act, establishing toleration, which was the fruit of his advice, his picture of the "150,000 Canadians, almost wholly French and almost wholly Catholic, whose claims must in common justice rank superior to those of the 600 British immigrants, stood out clearly from a long and detailed examination."

The Quebec Act was not passed in London until after long and acrimonious debates in which the religious intolerance that was a tradition with the Whig party fought a bitter but losing battle. Its strange destiny was to be debated in the very middle of the ordinances that were to drive Massachusetts into armed rebellion, and its significance as an historical factor has been overshadowed in consequence. Contemporary opinion, however, was in no doubt whatever, and Mr. Coupland restores historical perspective when he reminds us that a scheme to extend religious tolerance as a policy was the final and concluding factor in bringing to birth a republic which would install it in its constitution as a principle.

"If the Whigs had been prejudiced against the bill by the company in which it came, their feelings were but a pale reflection of the anger of New England." To the descendants of the Puritans "the French-Canadians were still their old relentless enemies of the border warfare rather than fellow subjects. . . . To the narrower-minded colonists the religious policy of the act seemed positively wicked. It must have caused they said, 'a jubilee in Hell.'" "Nor can we suppress our astonishment [it is the manifesto of the First Congress of 1774 to the British people] that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that country a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder, and rebellion through every part of the world." The first congressmen did not mince their words.

"Littera scripta manet"—what is written is written. It is part of the irony with which history is loaded that, upon the very eve of a struggle in which the coöperation of the Canadian "habitant" would become a prime strategical factor, no voice in the infant congress was raised against words which outraged his beliefs and secured his hostility in advance. The fruit of the ill-considered words was made manifest a few months later when the army of Montgomery and Arnold crossed the borders only to encounter a sullen neutrality which was more disheartening than hostility because harder to deal with.

Congress, it is true, faced with a situation which wisdom should have foreseen, sought to smooth their path with an address to Quebec in which the religious issue was cloaked in philosophic phrasing. But it came too late. Discrepancy and opportunism were made too obvious. The bishop issued a "mandement" urging upon the faithful "the unavoidable duty of defending your king and country with all the strength you possess." The priests had read the address by Congress to the British people and could translate and expound it to their flock. "At one meeting, when a French translation of the earlier address was read aloud, the audience cried out aloud against the perfidy of Congress." These plain folk had not forgotten Acadia and Cape Breton. They "knew from of old how very different was the temper and purpose of the militant Protestantism of New England."

Such a history as that of The Quebec Act is bound to be read in diverse mood. To the patriotic American it must present itself as the account of a great opportunity for a greater union "muffed." To the Britisher it takes its place, you may be sure, as one in a series of providential acts designed for the preservation of his empire. An impartial or philosophic reader may regret or rejoice. But he will admit that it is the record of one case at least where justice, fair dealing, and that very undiplomatic thing, the simple keeping of a word given, met with a reward on earth. "So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

The Future of Protestantism: With special reference to Southeastern Europe, by A. Czako. London: 4/6.

THIS book is the "substance of the lectures" delivered by the author in accordance with the terms of the Selly Oak College's traveling research fellowships. He was to enquire into the religious movements and conditions in the Danubian countries today. He indicates frankly his method; then, what he considers himself to have observed; and then, his conclusions.

His method involves his studying a religion "from within"; and he holds that it is necessary to be a Catholic if you would understand Catholicism, a Protestant to understand Protestantism. He puts no faith in questionnaires, though he had made, and uses many. Personal experience alone avails: "I was every day in some church. I took part in Catholic Masses and other devotional acts. I was present at Catholic processions. I sang psalms with the believers in Protestant churches. With the Adventists I held the Bible tight in my hands, and in the Salvation Army's room I sat before the penitent's bench."

Whether or not Dr. Czako did much of this before he ceased to be a Catholic, and, indeed, a priest and a Cistercian monk, is not explicitly stated. But, since he does not pretend that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he took up all these positions simultaneously, or even successively, with inner sincerity, his method defeated itself, for not one of these religions did he contemplate from inside, but as a rather gratuitous observer. Nor is this any sort of spiteful criticism due to his having been, and no more being, a Catholic, but the simple fact. For no one could be "inside" the Faith, and be looking through Catholic eyes, thinking with Catholic mind, and feeling with Catholic heart, and act the way that he did.

Therefore, on his own showing, he sees what an outsider would see, the surface, and no more. He started, really, where he finishes, that is, in the declaration that the religion of the future (if there is to be one at all, which he thinks there well can be) will be "free" from all dogma whatsoever, and above all, from all priestly class—and Protestant ministers are, he thinks, almost as bad in the clerical line, as Catholic priests are. For they both make special claims to dictate the truth. Hence institutionalism, ossification, death.

Religion must evolve: but, to do this, one must start at the time and place at which one is, and be continuous with one's past. Therefore, do not exchange one group for another—being a Catholic, do not become a Protestant, but introduce as much modernism into your group as possible, a la Tyrrell. This is a very old thesis, and does not contain the slightest bit of interest.

What might be valuable would be the middle part, where he professes to relate conditions in Hungary, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugo-Slavia. He concentrates on Hungary. He asserts that the Church is an entirely formalistic institution, under the thumb of priests, and Jesuits in particular, caring only for verbal orthodoxy, and committed to a Catholic statecraft, not to insist upon the Hapsburgs.

Hungarians are very frank about their religious shortcomings, past and present. Yet, they would not admit Dr. Czako's criticism. A simple point. He says that the "congregations" of Our Lady are "as secret as the Freemasons—it is impossible to know who are members." Nonsense. They are ordinary sodalities exactly like those in the United States or anywhere else. They rather placard themselves; anyhow, they do plenty—an unusual amount of public work. Ah—but they are kept mysteriously separate from one another. "The gentlemen's congregation has no intercourse with that of the clerks unless there be special occasion for it." Well, ought they meet when there is no occasion for it? As well might you say: It is distressing how little soldiers and sailors meet one another. How rare is the fraternization of actors and business men! They only meet when they have reason to! Ah, but "I remember that during the Communist era, the government did its best to get the list of members' names, and even threatened the Jesuits with death, but, although the Jesuits were turned into the street, they withheld the information." Since when, one might ask, has it been a virtue to hand over to singularly bloodthirsty Bolsheviks the names of your friends? Since when is it a crime to save a man from probable death though by so doing you double your own risk?

We are glad this nonsense comes early in the book, else we might have judged the rest too leniently. We really might have thought that Catholics in Hungary have no faith—"if they believed that Our Lord was really present in the Blessed Sacrament, why are they not always in the Church? Why do they never conduct themselves, when in church, accordingly?" He confuses faith with imaginativeness: and personally, we have been much edified by Hungarian devotion. More than 200,000 recently walked in an impressive Eucharistic procession through the streets of the city of Budapest.

We might have really thought that the laity were not allowed to stir a finger in Hungary: luckily we know, personally, plenty of lay activity there, and superb examples of it; and, if laymen do nothing, why worry about the congregations? They are lay—but, if inert, they are harmless. We might, too, have believed that Catholics everywhere make Protestants to "feel their inferiority" and attack them ceaselessly. But one serious criticism of Hungarian Catholicism might be its indolence regarding Protestants, who, far more active as regards material things, win material privileges constantly over the heads of the easy-going Catholics; and the current Protestant catechisms are full of controversial and anti-Catholic matter, whereas, nothing analogous is to be found in the Catholic one. Protestantism is, however, says the author, sick of the same disease; smaller cults have more freedom; but none has reached yet the happy condition of that religion which dispenses wholly with creed, code, ministry, and things of a like nature.

The chapter on Jugo-Slavia is uselessly occupied with an account of that tiny effort after schism that began in nationalist Croatia. It came to nothing. The chapter is, however, noticeable for the statement about Russia that "this [i. e., that there is no thoroughfare from Greek Catholicism to Protestantism] was clearly perceived by the Russian Soviet, which has allowed the Jesuits to settle and work freely in the country and to make way for the slow but sure annihilation of the Russian Church." This insane remark would suggest an incompetent translator: but Catholicism and Communism are compatible. But the triumph of Rome means the death of orthodoxy, which, apparently, is all the Soviet cares about.

The argument that is put forth in this instance is so confused as to escape us altogether. If Rome mates so well with Bolshevism why did the Hungarian Bolsheviks kill off so many priests—seek to exterminate the Church? Why did not the congregations make love to Bela Kun? The essence of the chapter on Rumania is, that Rumania, hating the Hungarian (the author is fiercely nationalist—we scarcely wonder—and of a low-grade culture) is seeking to destroy all Magyar culture. It is, indeed; and none can dispute that. But the author argues that this only really matters to the Protestants, who have no Jesuits to help them. The Jesuits will be in Rumania, good Rumanians, and obliterate thus the poor Unitarians who have got so near to believing nothing at all, which is the ideal.

The chapter on Czecho-Slovakia is mainly about the nationalist schism there, and agrees with what we know from other sources—namely, that the schism is quite simply not Christian at all; therefore, the author hopes much from it. Liberty at last!

In fine: we would make a long indictment against much that is, or rather has been, prevalent in eastern and central Europe; but we do not think the author's method is a scientifically good one: we are sure he had mis-seen many a fact, not seen a thousand more, and misjudged pretty well everything. And a final proof that Hungary is—one might here say "all too little"—under Catholic domination, is, that he had been professor of philosophy and pedagogy in the training school for secondary teachers in Budapest.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Loyola Book of Verse, compiled by John F. Quinn. Chicago: Loyola University Press. $1.00.

Color, by Countee Cullen. New York: Harper Brothers.

Poems, by Mabel Simpson. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

Hesperides, by Ridgely Torrence. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Selected Poems, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Human Shows for Phantasies, by Thomas Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

THE collection of English poetry in The Loyola Book of Verse is very well and wisely chosen. There is, as might be hoped, a proper representation of the best modern English poets, the best American poets, and the best Catholic productions in all the English-speaking nations. Mr. Quinn indirectly shows a remarkable knowledge in the novelties with which he illustrates some of his pages, thereby proving that anthologies at their best are not to be merely built up on other anthologies.

Countee Cullen, the author of Color, is among the few modern poets that have anything to say: he is a real poet in a sense, moderate as regards his technique, occasionally faulty as regards his taste, but always sympathetic and graphic in his feeling. In construction he is generally excellent, although one feels somewhat the limits of his imagination and a coolness in his fantasies that do not make an advantageous comparison with the poets of his race in South America. Altogether, Countee Cullen may be held as a worthy successor to Paul Lawrence Dunbar, but it is preposterous to compare his work with that of Edna St. Vincent Millay, or A. E. Housman.

Poems, by Mabel Simpson, reveals a gentle, simple mind lilting, in a somewhat untutored manner, little bird-songs in easy rhymes and unaffected rhythms. It is sentimental newspaper poetry at its best.

After some years of silence, Ridgely Torrence produces a new book of his poems under the title of Hesperides. His poems from his first publication have always had a distinguished literary quality and, musically speaking, he understands the soft pedal in the sense of the best instrumentalists. He is a scholar with a gypsy touch, at home in a library, at home on a lonely road. The present volume carries us as far as the Pacific coast, across the New England of Robert Frost, as a pilgrim out of the Pilgrim's Progress, but with nothing finer, when all the hills are climbed, than the emotional ellipses in his poem, The Son.

Edgar Lee Masters has joined the group of our poets who, and it seems rather prematurely, have been "selecting" from their smaller publications, the bits they would prefer to have live forever. Those of us who possess some of the original volumes from which these selected poems are gathered, may meditate the question whether it would not have been well to wait a few years until the poets had reconsidered their own output before burdening our shelves with works so quickly outmoded. There is, therefore, in these selections something of the air of a general confession—a life-survey before the funeral which modesty or some discretion might have postponed. The philosopher of these Selected Poems did not settle permanently at Spoon River. He took its stream with him to Greece, poured it as a confluence into the Tiber as well as the Hudson. Spoon River overtakes Botticelli and Simonetta, Tasso, Pallas Athene, Demos the Despot, Judas Iscariot, and Launcelot and Elaine—but the best of the stream remained at its headlands with Fiddler Jones, Editor Whedon, Ezra Fink, and Isaiah Beethoven.

Thomas Hardy, in Human Shows for Phantasies, gives us an old man's book of poems. The spirit halts, the step has lost its spring, the meditation lingers over the autumnal—not in the glowing inexperience of young writers but with the sombre hues of the actual and the inevitable. Mr. Hardy has never had the singing note and does not develop it now: he is a prose-artist first and foremost, and his poetical moments flash and disappear in a word or phrase, and seldom last to the end of a stanza. There is the gathering up in this new book of the lees of his materialistic theories—the realization of mortality not altogether resigned nor peaceful. The sigh for the past has no charming rhyme in future hope or recompensing transition. It is too late for love, and the lyrics seem a trifle strained—an old man courts the muse with diffidence that is quite unlike that of a bashful youth. The note is mortuary and significant in our age of re-awakening idealism.

THOMAS WALSH.

The Psychology of Human Society, by Charles A. Ellwood. New York: D. Appleton. $3.00.

IT is to be noted that Professor Ellwood calls his new book The Psychology of Human Society. The very title marks it off from all the farrago interpreting men in terms of beasts. At the very beginning, the author tells us that human society is distinguished from the association of brute animals by the fact of consciousness. No valuable time is wasted on ants and ducks and bees for the little light they can throw on how men associate.

On many points, Ellwood's book is in line with our best traditions. He takes his stand firmly on the ground that society is natural to man. His comment on Rousseau's contract theory is sound, and almost all the other vagaries of sociologists, from Comte to Tarde, come in for searching criticism. He shows quite clearly the inadequacy of Comte's theory of social development through the theological, the metaphysical, and the scientific stages. Spencer's biological analogy is merely a figure of speech. And Tarde's imitation theory is much too simple to explain society. The whole thesis of the book implies, too, that the psychic side of man is the most important from a sociological standpoint, and that any attempt to explain society as a result of physical or economic causes must fail.

For the Catholic reader one of the most interesting points in Ellwood's book is his insistence on the importance of religion. "So far as social psychology can discover," he tells us, "there is no substitute for religion as an instrument of social control. Man must have confidence in his world, he must have faith in the system of things, if he is to work harmoniously with that system. He must believe in the possibilities and the value of life, if his energies are to be fully released. He cannot believe that the universe is a "fool's house" which will make his highest endeavors but foolishness in the end, without coming to despair of social idealism. He is under the psychological necessity, in other words, of projecting his values into the universe, and this, as we have said, is essentially the religious attitude of mind."

Again, he says: "The belief that society in the future will be able to do without religion rests, then, upon about as unsatisfactory a psychological and sociological basis as the belief that society will be able to do without government. Religion will become more necessary as society becomes more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

complex, for the reason that there will be more necessity for social control; that is, greater need of reënforcing social values in just the way which religion does. One of the gravest and most disturbing signs of the social life of the present, therefore, has been the decay of effective religious beliefs."

The present crime wave is merely underlining this contention of Ellwood's that we need more, rather than less, religion. For religion is the only effective check upon the individual conscience.

On the whole, we may say that The Psychology of Human Society is a carefully worked out treatise, complete, clear, logical, and much more sane in statement than nine out of ten sociological books. But it is unfortunate that with so much to recommend it, a Catholic cannot entirely endorse it. In the passage we have just quoted, for instance, insisting upon the need of religion, Ellwood is using the term religion in a very different sense from the Catholic. For him religion seems to be a purely natural affair, an ethical culture society rather than a divine institution. And when he speaks of "narrow ecclesiastical forms and religious beliefs which are predominantly theological," and of "mediaevalism and reactionary conservatism," he may be thinking of Catholicism.

But this simply emphasizes the need of a Catholic sociology. Unfortunately, we have no satisfactory textbook covering the whole field of sociology, or even a portion of it such as the psychology of human society. Instead of being captious with those outside the Church who write according to their lights, it rather behooves us to produce our own treatises, and that speedily.

J. Elliot Ross.

Mary Glenn, by Sarah G. Millin. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

MARY GLENN is a short but a powerful novel of vicarious suffering. Although the scene, like that of Mrs. Millins's first book, is laid in South Africa, we feel the veldt this time as a casual, picturesque background, not as an integral part of the story. It might as well be sweeping prairie or lonely mountain land for all the bearing it has upon the ironic history of Mary Glenn.

The author's first book, God's Stepchildren, was also an ironic tragedy or series of tragedies bound together by one similar thread—the history of several generations of savages in whose veins runs the blood of a white man, yet who are doomed forever to inferiority. It was a sordid and piteous picture of continual defeat. In Mary Glenn the tragedy of disappointment is concentrated in a single individual. Courted by Brand Van Aardt, whom she does not love, flouted by the folk of the town because her father is a market master, Mary continually dissatisfied, hastily marries Elliot Glenn, who disappoints her in every particular. Brand Van Aardt marries the schoolmistress, Emma. They become the prosperous figures in the community, and Mary and her husband, their dependents. The high point of the book is the fate of the adored child, Jackie.

Mrs. Millins's art lies in her power to unravel the minds of these four people. The situation is comparatively simple; the stage is not furnished with high lights; the manner of the narrative is not strikingly distinctive. At times we think that Brand, the Brand of the second half of the book, might take a more active part in the picture. If he has lost Mary, the sweetheart he wanted, he has won the wife who satisfies his thrifty Dutch blood, and is soporifically content, which is fortunate for Emma. Emma's vital batteries are more highly charged. She feels alternately jealousy and admiration, contempt and love. In many respects hers is the most successfully analyzed character. She is made very lovable. So, too, in a lesser degree, is the ineffectual Elliot, the husband whom Mary would wipe off the map for her son. So, too, at the end is the infinitely pitiful Mary herself, a brilliant, prematurely drooping, scarlet flower.

While the book works up to one melodramatic episode, it is in the mental and spiritual angles of the four people that the real drama takes place. In a style, simple, telling, and with quiet beauty, the author, not unlike Rebecca West, seems to sound the height and depth of the waters of anguish. She does not proclaim the bursting of a dam by beating drums or sounding an alarm. Man's deepest tragedies take place slowly, implacably, in his bosom. The blood of genuine suffering falls drop by drop. The tragedy of Mary Glenn is a common one, uncommonly told.

Laura Benét.

Catholicism, Capitalism, or Communism, by Jeremiah C. Harrington. St. Paul: The E. M. Lohman Company.

THE first thing a reader is likely to regret about Father Harrington's large book on Catholic social teaching is the fact that it is so poorly done. Those who expect—and most of us do—a treatise to proceed in orderly fashion will be disappointed by the obvious lack of sequence and the tendency to ramble with the author's exceedingly migratory thoughts. It is only after a while that one sees the point: here is a collation of a popular lecturer's addresses on the vast and complex economic structure of the present era. He states a point and then proceeds to illustrate, to adduce supporting quotations, and even to squeeze whatever he can out of a flitting joke. If the book is read for what it set out to be, therefore, it should prove very useful to teachers, groups which read aloud at regular intervals, and speakers on social problems. All these should remember, however, that Father Harrington wears his heart upon his sleeve.

Here is a priest who has been stirred by the magnificent ideal of the communion of saints. We are all pilgrim members of a family which shall be reunited in final beatitude according as it observes the mandates of charity. But there is so little of that in the modern world, just as the realities of justice are flagrantly sacrificed to "laws of supply and demand." Why is this so? Because mankind abandoned the practice of adhering to the Catholic community when it declared for individualism during the era of religious revolt. Old memories come back to all of us, as they do so fulsomely to Father Harrington. He sees the spiritual earnestness of the mediaeval world, and longs to come back to it again. Some, as he discovers, have found the way—Catholic teachers and artists, whose number is still far too few, even in the Church. The time has come to preach a vigorous crusade for our memorials. And Father Harrington rises to attack industrial inequality, to urge reform, to denounce the works and pomps of capitalism.

It is only natural that in the midst of so much that is excellent material there should be fluffy shreds. Personally, I do not like to be told that it is absolutely authoritative doctrine to believe, with Mr. Belloc, that "the nature of the system that will supersede capitalism" will be neither "socialism nor communism, but what several Catholic writers have called distributivism." There are, after all, few authentic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prophecies, however interesting the distributive thesis is in itself. But though one might be inclined to quarrel with a variety of details in Father Harrington's book, it remains a valuable popular synthesis of a great deal that is basic to an intelligent discussion of modern social ethics.

PAUL CROWLEY.

The New Negro, edited by Alain Locke; portraits by Winold Reiss. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $5.00.

ONE of the finest achievements of the Survey Graphic was the publication last March of what that magazine was pleased to style a Harlem number, which presented and made procurable at news-stands a collection of Negro art, verse and fiction as well as timely discussions of the Negro spiritual, jazz and drama. The appearance of this number established what may come in time to be regarded as a landmark in racial culture, for it concentrated and raised to the dignity of a school a group of scattered talent, which, although warmly applauded, had not always been seriously received.

The volume under review is built upon this material. It is a wealth of rather heterogeneous contributions showing the Negro in various aspects and different phases of development. It is an anthology of poetry, stories, plays and comments, and it has been arranged and edited by Alain Locke, who was also the editor of the Harlem Survey Graphic. Carl Van Vechten, speaking of Mr. Locke's selections, has made the remark that "he has not merely put the best foot of the Negro forward, he has put all his feet forward." This is true, and a captious critic might say with justness that the book ranges over too wide a field, is diffuse and fails to give one a sense of unity or a point of view. But for the indulgent reader the very absence of these ordinary virtues produces positive charm. For here is a richly varied and informative entertainment, by turns gay, melancholy, sensuous, spiritual, rhapsodic, or doctrinaire. Now it grows chill with terror (the sound of horses bearing white-clad figures is heard in the distance) now waxes warm with hope of emancipation, of initiation into a new life ("O, rise, shine for thy light is a'coming.") One page may be thoughtful, contemplative, brooding, while the next will unfurl the banner of what the popular mind conceives to be the real philosophy of the colored man—a happy carelessness.

This collection is chiefly by and about youth. The reader is aware of a tempo that is quickened and a pace that is distinctive of Manhattan. The southern plantation and the log cabin exist as memories rather than as present realities. Yet, an older generation has not been forgotten nor denied voice. The high spots in this array of achievements—lyric, dramatic, narrative, expository—will differ according to tastes; but almost every reader, I fancy, will give sound rating to Heritage by Countee Cullen, a very fine and memorable poem; to the poems of Claude MacKay and Langston Hughes; to the Jean Tonner sketches; and to The City of Refuge, a sharp and mordant bit of fiction by Rudolph Fisher.

Mr. Locke's introduction is discoursive and stimulating—an interpretation of race feeling and pride: "Fundamentally for the present the Negro is radical on race matters, conservative on others—in other words, 'a forced radical,' a social protestant rather than a genuine radical. Yet, under further pressure and injustice, iconoclastic thought and motives will inevitably increase." One of the best analytical articles is The Drama of Negro Life, by Montgomery Gregory. Herein is traced the evolution of the Negro on the stage from the minstrel to an artist capable of portraying the nuances of tragedy.

LANDON M. ROBINSON.

A Tour in Ireland, by Arthur Young; edited by Constantia Maxwell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

IN the old days between 1776 and 1778 a tour in Ireland seems to have been an adventure that can hardly be described as pleasant by anybody who compares the account of Arthur Young's peregrination with the books issued today by the tourist agencies and travelers' check companies.

The general effect of horror, grime, poverty, and degradation that arises from this old text leaves the heart depressed with old memories and the spirit renewed only with the thought of the vast betterment that has come over the people of Ireland as well as the poor of England and the European world during the last century.

There is an account of the Lord Chief Baron Foster of County Louth on July 19, 1776, just before the passage of the Catholic Relief Acts: "In conversation upon the Popery laws, I expressed my surprise at their severity. He said they were severe in letter, but were never executed. It is rarely or never (he knew no instance) that a Protestant discoverer gets a lease by proving the lands let under two-thirds of their real value to a Papist. There are severe penalties on carrying arms or reading Mass, but the first is never executed for poaching (which I have heard) and as to the other, Mass houses are to be seen everywhere. There is one in his own town. His Lordship did justice to the merits of the Roman Catholics by observing that they were in general a very sober, honest, and industrious people. This account of the laws against them brought to my mind an admirable expression of Mr. Burke's in the English House of Commons—'Connivance is the relaxation of slavery, not the definition of liberty.' He was assured that the emigrations which made so much noise in the north of Ireland were principally of idle people who, far from being missed, left the country the better for their absence. They were generally Dissenters, very few Churchmen or Catholics."

T. W.

American Indian Love Lyrics, selected by Nellie Barnes. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THESE North American Indian songs reveal the poetic instinct in its primitive stages. The songs are repetitive, highly rhythmical, deeply emotional; their images are drawn almost exclusively from the world of wind, rain, sky, trees, mountains, wild animals—in short, from undressed nature which the Indian worshipped, which was his constant inspiration and companion.

Though they are interesting as an aboriginal study, they make monotonous reading because of their illimitable repetitions and paucity of varied images. For a proper appreciation they should be accompanied by Indian music or read aloud by one who has an "Indian throat." Part two, devoted to Miss Barnes's analysis of Poetic Forms in American Indian Lyrics, will prove valuable to students of Indian art. The following Song to the Pleiades (Pawnee) is typical:

"Look as they rise, rise
Over the line where sky meets the earth;
Pleiades!
Lo! They, ascending, come to guide us,
Leading us safely, keeping us one;
Pleiades,
Teach us to be, like you, united."

HARRY MCGUIRE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRIEFER MENTION

Science as Revelation, by John M. Watson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

THIS book presents evidence of being the work of an earnest student who has read widely if not always wisely in science, and risen from his not wholly digested meal to lay before the world a new religion and a new revelation—we thought Sir Conan Doyle held the copyright of that term. According to his view there are no other realities nor conceptions of which the human mind is capable but energy and matter. Huxley, as he himself said, either "in the hardness of his heart or head" saw a third, quite distinct from either of them, namely, consciousness. One does not quite see how this arises in this new revelation though we are told that there is a perfect psychical gradation commencing with lowly plants—why not with the atom since we are also told that God is energy. Thus the new religion appears as a pantheistic dynamism or a dynamic pantheism, whichever you please. There are a good many minor inaccuracies and some major ones, too, the latter of importance. For example, the human embryo never has gill-slits and does not breathe by them. Again, colloids, by consent of the best organic chemists, do not help us a bit toward the origin of life. And for one more instance, the absurdity named Australopithecus is in no sense a man or in the lineage thereto even for those who believe in an "anthropoid ancestor" for he is just another example of an anthropoid ape of a kind not previously known. Of course, Pithecanthropus is set down as the most ancient of men without a word to suggest that half the scientific world does not agree with that view.

Manuel International des Organizations Catholiques, by the Abbé J. Monti. Paris: Editions Spes. 20 francs.

THIS careful and relatively complete summary of Catholic organizations throughout the world is a manual which no one interested in religious, intellectual, and social activity can afford to be without. It has been discussed elsewhere in this issue of The Commonweal; but we may add here that the completeness of information concerning American Catholic societies will be a pleasant surprise to those who have known only the usual European dossier of Catholic affairs.

A Correction:—The Editors regret that, inadvertently, the name of Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould was misspelled in an article, The Middle-Class—A Plea for Self-Conceit, by Henry Longan Stuart, which appeared in The Commonweal of February 24.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., is an authority on international affairs and the author of The Waters of Twilight, and The Household of God.

A. R. Orage, formerly editor of the New Age, now a contributor to the leading American periodicals, is the author of National Guilds, Nietzche in Outline and Aphorism, and other books.

Count Byron Khun de Prorok, F.R.G.S., Norton Memorial lecturer of the Archaeological Institute of America, is at present writing articles on his recent discoveries in North Africa.

Rev. J. Elliot Ross, C.S.P., is the author of Consumers and Wage Earners, Christian Ethics, and Sanctity and Social Service.

Witter Bynner, poet and playwright, is the author of Young Harvard, Tiger, Grenstone Poems, and Caravan.

Esmé J. Howard is a writer on Spain and South America.

John Hanlon is a contributor of poetry to current magazines.

Harry McGuire is one of the editors of Pan.

Landon M. Robinson is a contributor to American critical periodicals.

Laura Benét is the author of Fairy Bread.

Joseph J. Reilly is superintendent of schools in Ware, Massachusetts.

L. J. S. Wood is the Rome correspondent of The Tablet (London) and a contributor on Italian questions to the American and English reviews.

Paul Crowley is the author of The American Spirit.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. Lamb.

Dr. Angelicus was laughing audibly as he read.

"What's so funny now?" demanded Britannicus, a trifle crossly, for the Doctor's mirth kept him from concentrating on his writing.

"The Spectator," chuckled Angelicus.

"What—again?" exclaimed Britannicus. "I thought we had exhausted the mirth in those venerable pages last week."

"My dear Britannicus, there is a new Spectator every week."

"Well," said Britannicus, resignedly putting aside the unfinished sheet of paper he had been typing, "I suppose I must listen. What is it that has so amused you?"

"The Letters to the Editor," replied Angelicus.

"The people who write letters to the editors are usually careful readers of the newspapers, and genuinely interested in matters of public interest," said Britannicus. "As such they are entitled to your respect, even though you may not agree with them."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," suggested the Doctor, looking over the pages of communications. "I will read extracts from a few of these letters and let you judge for yourself, from the topics discussed, the average mentality of the writers. I shall be fair and only take a few sentences from each letter."

"Oh, very well," sighed Britannicus, and the Doctor began:

" 'To the Editor of The Spectator. Sir: I have been laid up by sickness, otherwise I should have sent this letter earlier. After experimenting to the age of eighty-two, I venture to intimate my conclusions upon this grave subject. It seems to be assumed that one turns to the right when one loses direction. In 1877 I started with three or four others to walk from Watendlath to Armbotha, Thirlmere, in a dense mist. By consulting a compass we found we had turned more to the left than to the right. I do not think any of us were left-handed. In jumping, I take off from the left foot as most do, and we did a good deal of jumping from tussoch to tussoch. In age, moreover, we are aided by the condition that, the vigor of sensations being then diminished, a larger portion of our total nervous energy becomes available for the introspective scheme I suggest. Has anyone tried whether a pair of milk-fed goats can be really happy exclusively stall-fed? How many of your readers have ever heard a sermon on the subject? If, however, you are obstinate and make it a matter of pride to persevere continuously until you have gone to bed,

(*Continued on page 476*)

One Macmillan Book a Week

An interesting study of Immigration and Catholic Growth in the United States, 1790 to 1920. A most timely book, as it appears while the government is gathering the religious statistics of 1926.

Has the Immigrant Kept the Faith?

By GERALD SHAUGHNESSY, S.M., S.T.D.

Marist Seminary, Washington, D. C. Formerly Professor of Theology in Marist College, and Notre Dame Seminary, New Orleans.

This book dissipates many of the myths and legends which have grown up in Catholic historical circles pertaining to how well the immigrational growth of the Church in the past century has kept pace with the steady stream of newcomers. Various other problems are discussed at length, including special attention to the problem of "leakage." **Price $2.50**

60 Fifth Avenue THE MACMILLAN COMPANY New York, N. Y.

Atlanta Boston Chicago Dallas San Francisco

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ST. DOMINIC'S PRESS, Ditchling, Sussex

We specialize in the Finely Printed Books and Pamphlets of this Press. *Catalogue sent on request.* St. Thomas Aquinas calendar for 1926. Fifty cents.

THE CHAUCER HEAD, Inc. 32 West 47th Street, New York, N. Y.

ELEVATORS

ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON

EVEN A CHILD CAN OPERATE THEM WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY

BURWAK ELEVATOR CO. 216 FULTON ST. NEW YORK CITY

Memorial Stained Glass Windows

FRANZ MAYER OF MUNICH, Inc.

JOSEPH P. KELLY, *President*

1220-1222 Woolworth Building, New York

Telephone Whitehall 3631

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

OAK KNOLL School of the Holy Child

AN ELEMENTARY and COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

SUMMIT, N. J. **Resident and Day Pupils**

Campus of 12 Acres on One of Summit's Highest Points

Rosemont College at Rosemont, Pa., St. Frideswide's at Oxford and finishing schools in Paris, Rome and Freibourg, are also under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus. **44 Blackburn Road, Phone Summit 1804**

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY

95th and Throop Streets, LONGWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.

Accredited Boarding and Day School for Girls

Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame

ACADEMIC COURSE—Prepares for College or Normal Entrance

MUSIC—Conservatory Methods in Piano, Violin and Vocal

ART—Special Advantages. Three Studios Open to Visitors at All Times. Graded Courses in Both Music and Art Departments Lead to Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas

TRINITY COLLEGE, Washington, D. C.

A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women

Beautifully Located in the Immediate Vicinity of the Catholic University

Incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia with full power to confer Collegiate Degrees, registered by the University of the State of New York, and ranked with the colleges of the first grade by the United States Commissioner of Education. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. For particulars address the

SECRETARY OF COLLEGE

do not hesitate to go on thinking. It will put you to sleep quicker than counting sheep going through a gate. The Royal Commission on the Feeble-Minded after careful calculation, estimated the number of mentally deficient people in this country at 140,000 and the number of insane at 130,000. Aristocracy has its special failings, of course, but it also has its special virtues, and we may well remember that the British empire was built up in the days when aristocracy flourished and it was then that it could be said of England—

'To plant her standards far and wide
Expending wisdom, knowledge, worth,
She sees the warriors die with pride
Who make her mistress of the earth.'

"'Lately you have inserted several letters about the zoo. The class of English country gentlemen is a class which no foreign prince or potentate has any conception of.

"'But I do think that the elimination of the bookmaker would have as great an effect on the social welfare of the community as the state legislation for dealing with the hours of alcoholic consumption. One sees few people nowadays on the streets affected by an over-indulgence in whiskey. But an estimable man like Canon Brown can always be mentioned as an exception. However, it has been my lot to be associated with him in so many enterprises that I am conscious of a certain physical pain in writing this letter. If Dr. Little were not so anxious to condemn without investigation and more prone to realize that osteopathy merits an important place in general therapeutics, he would accomplish something of real national importance. At Tromso, for example, practically every industry, including whiskey distilling, has closed down. [We thank Mr. Mogridge and one or two other correspondents for this information.]

"'Literature is, as you have stated, in a decadent stage, and the reading of youth should be closely supervised lest its morals be impaired. I note that you have awarded one of your prizes for a sundial inscription to Mrs. Brown for her original poem. You say that the poem has about it much of a seventeenth-century cadence. May I inform you, if no one else has already done so, that the poem is neither seventeenth century nor is it original. It was written by a cousin of my father's, the late Canon Jones, the well-known hymn writer.

"'I agree that all present-day poets should be subjected to a sanity test. Your critic, in reviewing my book, accuses me of almost unparalleled egotism because I have frankly stated that a few representative poems of mine should find their place in every anthology that claims to typify the poets of today. At the beginning of my book are printed the opinions of eminent critics upon my work. Surely a perusal of these will prove to my critic that I have some right to claim that at any rate a few of my poems deserve the larger publicity which I ask for them. However, I see that 'More-Than-Once-Bitten' writes of Visiting the Widows in your issue of January 9—'All those interested in the preservation of the East Sussex coastline have, however, seen the peril of the charm of the district.' But the meanderings of a man full of years and full of sentiment are not appropriate either to these days or this season, and so I must close.' The last writer signs himself: 'Yours in grief and shame, Fabian Colenutt.'"

Angelicus looked up to see Britannicus slowly tearing his half-finished typewritten sheet to pieces.

"What are you so carefully destroying?" he asked.

"'A letter to an editor," replied Britannicus thoughtfully.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED